

Saving grace

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Summary: M for a reason! AU: Koudou, a big time drug lord has plans to take over the underworld of the city. His two sons Sanosuke and Hajime are his two best agents, but what happens when a hit on a local brothel doesn't go as planned, and in fact goes terribly right? Is this just what the two men need to save themselves from the darkness that threatens to consume them? Mult. pairings.

1. Chapter 1

_ reviews are wanted, welcome and appreciated._

i fell in love with the anime and this idea came to me, i simply couldn't ignore it. i am debating on continuing it or not, so if you like it please let me know and i will write more as i have the whole story in my head!

Koudou watched as the puff of smoke exited his mouth and coiled itself gracefully into the air, leaning his head back he felt a rush of power through his body as though he was invincible. His lips curled up into what one could consider a smile as his eyes glittered, full of the possibilities of this new drug. He slowly brought the pipe up to his mouth and inhaled a long hit of smoke, lowering it he exhaled and his smile spread wider. This is what he needed to control the underworld; he finally had something to regain his footing ever since that upstart had been encroaching on his territory. It was now time to show him who was boss, and it was him. He smiled at his long time companion who was standing near the doorway; he was a beautiful man with a sharp intelligent mind. He was younger than Koudou, but that meant nothing to either man. He was leaning against the doorframe his bark brown hair swept back save for a strand of bangs falling across his face, obscuring the view of one intelligent hazel eye. He was wearing an arm sling for his right arm which had been permanently injured in an accident one night, something Koudou had come to deeply regret. The man had been invaluable as an agent and he knew he sorely missed the work but his brilliant mind had proved to

be a match for even the greatest tacticians. His companion smiled softly and slowly walked to where he was sitting, removing the pipe from his mouth planted a soft, warm, chaste kiss on his mouth.

"Now, you can't have too much, this is highly addictive" he admonished gently in his smooth, kind voice.

Koudou smiled "it can't be as addictive as you."

"If anything it is more so" he said indulgently "you try it once and you are hooked to the rush." He snuffed the pipe out. "I highly advise you never use it again and leave it for me to handle with the test subjects." He pushed his glasses further up his nose looking pointedly down at the older man.

Koudou nodded in agreement and pulled the smaller man onto his lap "indeed, if that's the case then I know which one I'd rather indulge in."

The bespectacled brunette shot him a warm smile "I think I prefer it this way too." The men melted into each other as their limbs entwined and clothing was shed Koudou thankful both of his son's were out for the night.

Across town Sanosuke and Hajime sat in the drive through waiting for their turn, Sanosuke's stomach rumbling causing Hajime to glare at the offending organ.

"Look, its not like I can help it" Sanosuke said exasperated, pushing some stray dark red hair back from his face, his amber eyes burning a hole in the drive through menu .Hajime raised his brows gracefully, then again everything Hajime did was graceful Sanosuke thought.

"I just will never understand why bloodshed makes you so hungry" his brother said with a look of tolerance in his deep blue eyes. Sanosuke just shrugged figuring best not to push the issue; Hajime sighed and ran a hand through his indigo hair, pulling his ponytail over his shoulder. He and Sanosuke were like night and day and it was hard to believe they came from the same parents sometimes, well most of the time if Hajime was honest with himself. Sanosuke was the older one, tall and broad he was a muscular man with shaggy crimson red hair and deep amber eyes that seemed to glow at times, he wore it in a loose ponytail and always seemed to have a small smile on his face. He gave the appearance of a joker but Hajime knew in all reality that his brother was friendly and loyal and he carried a deep secret with him concerning why his brother would never bare his stomach, for his stomach bore the scar of a former suicide attempt.

Sanosuke had finished ordering for them both when he looked at his brother, Hajime seemed like an ethereal being to him, middling height and insanely graceful in a way he could only dream of he smiled. He loved his brother despite how opposite they were, Hajime was the handsome one he thought, with his long indigo hair and ocean blue eyes. He was quiet and pensive, never giving away any emotions to anyone but Sanosuke who had learned how to read him a long time ago. His brother was left handed; which had proved incredibly useful as most people were expecting the shot to be coming from the right hand. It was the element of surprise and one of the reasons Hajime had the reputation of being deadly, he was in all rights, being a left handed shooter only increased it. Sanosuke sighed as he met his brother's

eyes and smiled, for Hajime's sake he would pretend everything was alright but inside he felt like mess. He didn't like killing, he didn't like the fact he'd had to shed blood tonight; his brother thought him a fool for eating but it was the only way to distract himself. It bothered him, having to kill needlessly for their father constantly, so he numbed himself to it and plastered on a fake smile. He killed so Hajime wouldn't be forced to have as much blood on his hands, after all wasn't it his duty as the elder brother to protect the younger? He shuddered, they still weren't done for the night; their next stop was a brothel who catered to all tastes, containing men and women. The owners, who happened to be a male couple, were behind on their payment and they were going to collect either the easy way or the hard way; taking the food Sanosuke stomped on the gas, better get this unpleasantness over with.

In his room Toudou Heisuke let out a low, lusty moan as his head was thrown back in passion; long brown hair sticking to the sweat rolling down his back as he fiercely rode his lover. He relished in the feeling of the larger man's hands moving up and down his body, his hard muscles working overtime to thrust deeply into his young, nubile body. His lover, he thought dreamily was unlike anyone he had ever met. Loud, cheerful and taking the upmost pride in his physical appearance he had accepted and loved the small, slight, younger man with his whole heart, Toudou knew each time they made love it was an expression of the different aspects of his lover's personality. He rolled his hips again earning a growl from the other man as he felt his length move inside him, thrusting hard and fast while his lips were occupied in a flurry of soft, gentle kisses. His curious green eyes looked in to blue jaded ones as their rhythm picked up, lips never leaving each other as they moaned their pleasure in unison. He felt strong hands holding his hips down as his lover thrust erratically and senselessly into his tightness, he groaned as again and again his prostate was abused; he felt a rough hand on him, stroking him seeking his release. He broke away from those tender lips and howled as a spasm racked his body, his white cum splattering on his lover's perfectly muscled stomach and chest, he saw the smirk briefly in those gorgeous blue eyes as lips crashed back against his demanding completion. He rose and fell hard and fast not giving the other man an option but to cum in only a few seconds as he clenched himself around the engorged member that invaded his small body. Letting loose a guttural groan his lover stiffened underneath him and released his seed deep into his body, he moaned slightly at the familiar and welcome feel of the heat of his essence as it filled him. He slumped forward slightly, resting his head on the older man's shoulder, he felt strong arms encircled him and light kisses rained down on his head, he smiled and nipped playfully at his lover's neck.

"Don't do that, unless you want seconds" his lover's deep warned him, full of laughter.

"Maybe I do Shinpat-san" he said deviously, running his hands down the man's perfectly sculpted back to rest right above his delicious rear. He found himself being thrown off his lap and onto the bed as feral blue eyes drank him in, shivering in anticipation he moaned as his mouth was quickly and hungrily taken.

"Toudou, why can I never get enough of you?" Shinpachi whispered, brushing a stray hair out of the young man's green eyes. He kissed him again, gentler, taking time to nibble on his lips and let his

hands wander slowly across the man's slender, unblemished body. He felt the younger man's length begin to harden again and slowly kissed and nipped his way down to the organ that was aching with need once again, flicking his tongue out he tasted the salty liquid leaking from the tip; and before Toudou could protest he took him in his mouth.

The door to the room burst open showing their bosses silhouettes, the two men froze unable to think for their brains were fogged with passion.

"Move! they're here" came the unmistakable voice of Toshizo

**hope you enjoyed and please review=)**

2. Chapter 2

**so glad you have liked the story so far. **

hope you enjoy this next installment.

Hajime was not pleased to be taken along on this particular adventure; Sanosuke had stopped the car abruptly in front of one of the most well known brothels in the city. It wasn't uncommon to see a brothel around, in fact it had become quite the booming business in this new era but neither man really liked the idea of people selling their bodies for money. Hajime let out a whisper of a sigh as he took in the overly ornate building, no doubt Isami Kondou's doing, he doubted his more reserved counterpart (or so it was rumoured) Toshizo Hijikata really approved of the opulence of the establishment. The building, entitled Elysium, was rumored to be as just as its name said heaven, catering to men and women alike the people who dwelled inside the walls were said to be some of the most beautiful creatures in the world. He wrinkled his nose, sex was not beautiful, not that the gentle man would have known because he, unlike his brother Sanosuke who swung his dick around like he worked in a brothel, still retained his innocence. He drank in the sight; the building was impressive, done in sleek silver metal it was at least 6 stories high, with only 5 of those being living quarters. Golden iron vines wound up the sides of the building until they reached the top and golden Grecian statues stood at each corner, caught in various lustful poses. He blushed and turned away from the one closest to him depicting two men in the throes of passion. Each room boasted a window and a balcony, from what he could tell there were 8 rooms to a floor which meant 40 people lived and worked here, he guessed probably 20 men and 20 women. He looked up against the inky black sky to the nearest balcony; it was generous in size and had ornate patio furniture sitting out. The balcony railing was done in gold overlay and he noticed the windows were also outlined in gold overlay; a woman's face peered down at him from the window and he saw her hand go to her mouth in a gasp of surprise. He supposed they had been recognized; all the better; the less time they spent here the better.

"Let's go Sano" he said, turning on his heel and heading toward the door. His brother tagged along after him, his eyes still busily inspecting the building. He strode toward the golden doors, inhaling as the cool metal touched his hand. He knew Sano had been here before

to collect, but this was his first time and he wanted it to be over and done within about fifteen minutes.

"Gentlemen" came a kind voice from the counter "what can I do for you?" He looked up to see a young man, with dark brown spiky hair and a kind smile addressing them. His light brown eyes gleamed with mischief and were contrasted by his dark blue shirt and white linen slacks as he stepped around the counter to shake Hajime's hand. His eyes darkened as he caught sight of Sano who Hajime thought was gawking stupidly, following his gaze he saw what Sano's eyes rested upon and his lips twitched with a barely repressed smile. Leave it to Sano to make this about hunting tail than collecting a debt he thought wryly.

Sanosuke trudged along behind his brother, Hajime was determined to get this over quickly and that was fine by him. He liked the two men that ran the brothel which is why he had been so lenient in the past but now their father wanted to come down on these two. Isami Kondou and Toshizo Hijikata were two of the nicest people he had ever met in his business dealings, which wasn't saying much but he didn't like demanding money from these two; he knew why they were constantly late. These two men cared for their "staff" more than most would and their well being was of their priority, Isami had told him they were having some medical problems amongst the staff and that one in particular was being treated for a severe disease, which required extensive medical attention. He had in fact produced the records with the name blacked out so that Sanosuke could see he was telling the truth. The men had paid him what they could when he could and always did pay in full even if it was late and now here he was again like a dog scratching at the door to get in, to get something he knew they didn't have. He ground his teeth, he knew the men didn't hold it against him despite his reputation and instead greeted him and Hajime as friendly as always yet he knew the inhabitants had been put on alert. He felt eyes on his back and he turned around, his dark amber eyes meeting with smiling emerald green ones. He felt his heart clench and mouth run dry as he took in the sight of what had to be the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

Staring openly at him, without a hint of fear stood a man, tall and slightly smaller than himself in build, his auburn hair brushing the tops of his shoulders, half pulled back with bangs falling and framing his beautifully angular face. A small smirk played on his full lips and he leaned against the wall, his gray sweatpants hanging loose on his hips and Sanosuke could see a hint of flesh from where they rode low. He felt his eyes widen as he saw the slight hint of reddish curls at the top of the sweatpants and tried to tear his eyes away, to his dismay he couldn't and instead continued climbing up the man's body. He had on a fitted red tank top that hugged his slender torso, through it he could make out a well defined abdomen and wondered what the man's skin would taste like.

"See something ya like?" He spoke, his voice lilting and jovial, no malice or anger infused in it at all. Sanosuke was startled out of his reverie, clearing his throat he felt a blush creep across the bridge of his nose.

"No, not at all I just--"

"You were just staring at me like you wanted to eat me. I hate to tell ya but I'm done for the night, come back tomorrow." Sanosuke

nodded stupidly before snapping out of it.

"I'm not here for _whores_" he spat out, a little too harshly as he saw the man flinch. "I'm here to collect a debt." The man pushed himself off the wall and sauntered toward him, his steps fluid like a lions, as if he was stalking his prey. Sanosuke suddenly felt very uncomfortable as if he were being measured and found wanting.

"I'd be careful pretty boy; if you hurt either one of my bossesâ€¦.I'll kill ya." He said, pulling away with a smile, slowly his fingers rose to take a lock of Sanosuke's red hair into his hands. "Name's Souji Okita, maybe next time you come by it won't be for business, you certainly have _my_ interest." He purred into his ear, his fingers let go of the lock of hair he had been worrying and gently pressed against the taller mans. Sanosuke's eyes fluttered closed as he felt the ghost of a kiss from the emerald eyed god, he didn't respond to the kiss though he wanted nothing more than to grab the man and fuck him into the ground, he felt Souji smirk against his mouth knowing all too well what was going on. Souji Okitaâ€¦.he committed the name to memory, yes he would come back he knew he had to now.

He turned and saw Hajime looking at him with wide eyes and curiosity, Isami looked at him as well not so much with curiosity as with astonishment. Finding his breath the brothel owner spoke

"Souji is one of our prize staff" he said, disbelief still coating his voice "he rarely interacts with anyone other than his clients. It would appearâ€¦.he has quite the interest in you Sanosuke." The words felt like they were coming through him through an underwater cavern as he still felt the touch on his lips, he blinked, bringing himself back to reality and meeting the eyes of the brothel owner he saw nothing but kindness there, before he could speak he saw two other people had appeared.

"So these guys are the big bad?" A deep masculine voice drawled from the opposite side. Hajime turned, ready with a rebuke on his tongue, but it died there. A tall and quite handsome blue eyed man stood there eyeing him with a look that said he refused to take him seriously. His dark brown hair in spikes with a green bandanna tied around his forehead, his white shirt tucked into relaxed black slacks. His shirt barely covered his well muscled body and in fact clung to it making Hajime wonder what it would be like to trace those muscles with his finger. Deep blue met light blue eyes and locked in a battle of the wills. Hajime saw those eyes swirling with amusement and they raked over him with a heat the man didn't bother to hide. Suddenly he felt naked but was saved when he heard another voice.

"Why does Souji get to have the fun? We wanted to meet them too!" He abruptly broke the gaze and turned toward the voice, which sounded significantly younger and more of a tenor than the baritone of the first two men who had entered the room. Despite himself he smiled as he took in the sight of a rather rumpled looking teen, quite short he looked indignant as if he should have been here the whole time. His long brown hair was tied in a messy, high ponytail with bangs dropping in his face almost obscuring his pretty blue green eyes. His slender build was encased in a deep purple t-shirt with black long shorts, his feet bare he nudged the older man's leg with a toe.

"Shinpat-san you didn't tell me you were going out here" he hissed between his teeth "I thought you were going back to your quarters."

"I was Hesiuke-kun" he said exasperatedly to the younger man "then I heard Souji in here."

"What was nii-sama doing in here?"

Nii-sama Hajime and Sanosuke thought in unison, so the two were brothers. Sanosuke peered closely he could see very faint resemblance, the younger man didn't do to his groin what the older had done nor did he appear so wordly. It was then Isami cleared his throat and the four men were reminded he did indeed exist and beside him stood yet another beautiful male. Taller than anyone in the room he piercingly gazed at the men with deep violet eyes, his long black hair in a ponytail that hung well down his sleek back. He held himself with a degree of stiffness yet there was something gentle about him as well, Sansuke noted that his hand was resting on Isami's back. He had only done business with Isami and this; he suspected was the elusive Toshizo Hijikata. Toshizo was the company's backbone while Isami was its figurehead, not that Isami didn't do his share of the work in fact he did it and did it well, Toshizo was in charge of expenses and running the things no one could see while Isami was charged with the staff and general beautification of the establishment. The two, he had heard from whispers were lovers and worked well together and indeed they did to run a place of this reputation. As long as he could remember Elysium had been a place of renown for its beauty and the beauty of those inside it and from what he had seen tonight the rumors were true. Never before had he seen any of the "staff", for they were always forewarned when he had come, only patrons and clients were allowed and even then were escorted by blindfold to their destination. It was highly secretive who lived where within its walls and was considered a privilege to see the people inside, a privilege, he reminded himself that you had to pay for.

"Kondou-sama" he said addressing his co-owner "what is the meaning of this?" His delicate eyebrow arched, his voice rolling from his mouth smooth and sure.

"I apologize for disturbing you Toshi" he said, pink tinting his cheeks. "Sansosuke-san and Hajime-san have come to collect for the month, as we were speaking Souji, Toudou and Shinpachi made their presence known."

A frown pulled at the corner of the raven haired man's mouth "they are not to be here when we do this sort of business." He glared disapprovingly at the two men who still stood there, Toudou had his eyes down staring at his now interesting feet, Shinpachi yawned lazily looking at the ceiling.

"Yes I am aware."

Suddenly Sanosuke's face lit up, a dangerous thing thought Hajime, and he stiffened as he heard his brother's next words.

"Isami has explained the situation to me before; perhaps we should retire in privacy and discuss our other options?"

**elysium is greek. derived from the elysian fields which were the fields of heaven elysium is similar to that of the idea of heaven.**
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**also, to clear things up in case i muddled it up, the brothel is 6 stories, the 1st is the lobby type area, etc. the guests or clients are blindfolded and taken to the workers rooms and "entertained" there, you will find more out about that later.**
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**also it is a great honor to see the workers as they are heavily guarded being incredibly beautiful beings only those who can afford to see them. If they are recognized on the streets they return immediately, they also use false names when outside the brothel.**
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**review please=)**
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3. Chapter 3

hey guys! thanks so much for reading, reviewing and following.

i have looked into getting a beta and the one i was most interested in won't be able to start until 5 weeks from now so i am still on my own. i apologize for any errors in the story and am hoping it does not take away from what i am trying to accomplish!

as always thanks for reading!

Hajime was secretly pleased with the arrangement, but he would never tell his brother that. He was shocked to learn the reason behind the constantly late payments, and finally after defaulting one too many times their father had sent them to clean up the mess. He knew exactly how Sanosuke felt, after all the men were very kind and their reasons for the constantly late payments made perfect sense. It was evident that the couple cared a great deal for their staff and he also felt as though there was something important he wasn't being told. He shrugged it off figuring that it was lucky Sanosuke had an ace up his sleeve with his silver tongue, with that and with some perfectly placed persuasion he had convinced the two brothel owners to give in to his deal, after all given the alternatives they weren't left with much of an option. Toshi and Isami, as they preferred to be called, had gracefully set groundwork and conditions if they were to agree to this deal that the two brothers readily accepted. The first one being of course a complete physical with their in house doctor Keisuke Sannen, who also happened to be Isami's close childhood friend, he had of course endured the physical with poise and suffered the few necessary needle sticks for several vials of his blood, Sannen was skilled and deft with his hands Hajime noted. An attractive man, dark brown hair with gentle and intelligent hazel eyes framed by the glinting metal of glasses; soon enough he was finished with his exam and left the room as his raucous brother entered. He wondered what Sanosuke was thinking, striking that kind of bargain, surely their father would find out and be less than pleased with them; yet for some reason he didn't mind the actual deal as the image of laughing blue eyes flashed in his mind. Shaking his head he loosened his hair tie, letting his deep blue hair free, as it caught the lights of the building it flashed purple as two pairs of

eyes watched his back suspiciously.

Sanosuke's exam went much the same as Hajime's, and once he had finished he found Hajime sitting in the car by the curb, the engine already purring. He swung his tall frame into the car giving his brother a toothy grin, Hajime flashed him a slight smile in return, which was all he was getting out of him he was sure. He sighed as he fished in his pocket for a lighter, bringing it to the cigarette he had placed in his mouth he sparked it, Hajime made a face and rolled the passenger window down as the smell of cloves assaulted his nose.

"You must be pretty pleased with yourself to be smoking that" he sniffed, gesturing at the clove cigarette.

Sanosuke grinned "well, you have to admit it does work out in our favor."

"And tell me, genius brother" he stressed the word genius, "where are you planning on getting their rent money each month to pay father with."

Sanosuke laughed, a pleasant sound like the deep rolling thunder after a shower "why, from father of course." Hajime looked at him out of the corner of his eye. Sanosuke continued "he pays us; we simply give him some of his money back."

"So essentially from us, our own pockets?" Hajime clarified, his brother nodded.

"Come on, you know we both have more money than we know what to do with, we should help them. After all they feel whoever is receiving those treatments is of the utmost importance, though knowing those two I think they would do that for anyone. Not to mention" he added after a brief pause "they also foot the medical bills for the rest of the staff and on top of that pay them." Hajime nodded, he knew they men were good people and the brothel they had originally started had turned into a huge success, catering to many high names, their fathers among them. They had found out while speaking frankly to the two owners that more often than not their father's men were not the gentlest with the staff yet their father himself never indulged he simply asked for a private room and to be let know when his men were finished. It had been one of the contingents of the deal; they were never to harm the staff, a condition both men agreed to immediately. Hajime's nature was more delicate than Sanosuke's and he had been appalled when he learned of how his father's men acted. Sanosuke had been suspecting as much as he, unlike Hajime, had been privy to conversation of crudeness and talks of how they took their bought lovers. At the time he did not realize they had been speaking of Elysium, Souji's image flashed in his mind.

"He is one of our prize staff."

He ground his teeth as he wondered if Souji had been hurt by his father's cronies. He took an irritated drag on his cigarette before throwing it out of the window, he smiled slightly, and he knew he would return the following night he had to see Souji again. He watched in the side mirror as the tiny orange sparks flung themselves up from the pavement in protest of being tossed out. What must life be like being a prostitute he wondered, then an unbidden thought

forced its way into his mind. _What is HIS storyâ€|. _He narrowed his golden eyes and pushed the thought from his mind.

Isami let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding when Keisuke told him the results of the tests; both men had a clean bill of health. He had been hesitant to make the deal, he knew they were good men, but their fatherâ€|. He was evil of the worst sort, and his lackey's did nothing to dispel that image. Over and over again he and Toshi had to clean wounds and comfort those whom they hurt; he knew Keisuke too had cared for many of the wounded. The sexual violence was nothing new, but the level they had taken it to, finally he had put his foot down but that had caused Koudou to raise their rent or whatever he was calling it these days. The fact was he had raised it so high that it was nearly impossible to pay along with the medical bills; somehow they managed though, just barely making it. Usually it was late and that always got them in trouble but better late than never he reasoned. Toshi, he knew disagreed, yet they were between a rock and a hard place on this one the raven haired man had seen that and worked the finances with a deftness that was inhuman as he somehow managed to make them come out slightly ahead each month. Then these two had shown up, he was familiar with Sanosuke who had been by before, sometimes to lie with a woman or sometimes just to check up on things. He was the muscle of the two, and Hajime the brains, or so it seemed; but he knew better than to make assumptions. He had never seen Hajime before, but had heard the stories, the left handed son of Koudou, famous for his unbeatable skill with a pistol. Yet the soft spoken man had been polite and agreeable, and astonishingly respectful. He was the night to his brother's day, the two opposite sides of the same coin; he couldn't see the ruthless killer in him that he had heard about when he had looked into his eyes.

****The next evening****

Toshi had called them all into the meeting room earlier, everyone that worked there which was a rare thing indeed. He had been honest and to the point, detailing without going into too many specifics as to what exactly had taken place the night before. Toudou picked his jaw up off the ground when he heard and his eyes pricked with tears of happiness, he had seen the men and his first impressions (which were rarely wrong) had them pegged as kind men despite their bloody family. He realized how much this helped the brothel and them by default, the only stipulation was that the men be allowed to lay with anyone they like in the walls and that their visits there be kept quiet, Dr. Sannen had checked them over and assured everyone they had a clean bill of health and reminded them to please use protection with each other and any clients. Toudou's blue green eyes had widened, he and Shinpachi never used protection, having to go arduous testing every quarter as was expected of any active staff, so why was Dr. Sannen cracking down now? His high ponytail swayed with his lean hips as he made he was to Shinpachi's room, Toshi and Isami said they wanted everyone dressed in their best tonight to greet their benefactors so he had decided to wear what he knew he looked good in. His long brown hair had been carefully conditioned so that it shone like the sun, his deep blue-green eyes peering out from under his bangs sharply, a smile adorned his face, and he wore a long sleeved silk deep purple shirt that clung to his lithe frame, leaving little to the imagination. A sunflower yellow tie hung around his neck, and black loose fitting pants were slung low on his small hips giving whoever was behind him a most incredible view of his small, tight, bottom. His black dress shoes clacked on the winding spiral staircase

as he climbed upward. Toudou and Souji lived on the second floor but Shinpachi lived on the sixth, he enjoyed taking the stairs as it only served as a slight bit of exercise for the man. He straightened his tie and rapped on Shinpachi's door, swallowing as he took in the sight of the man.

Shinpachi was normally a joker, always laughing and teasing his friends, but his face tonight was serious with a light smile on his lips at the sight of Toudou. His clear blue eyes held sparks of warmth and his unruly spiky brown hair had been slightly tamed thanks to some gel. His normal green bandanna was gone and Toudou could see the scar on his forehead that he was so self conscious about, it was above his left eye and now a light shade of pink, when it caught the light it would on occasion shine slightly. He never said how he got it, all Toudou knew was one day Shinpachi had crept into his room, stitches in his forehead and just curled up into his pocket sized lovers arms and stayed there for hours as Toudou held him. The younger man smiled appreciatively as his eyes continued to rake over his boyfriend, he was in white linen pants, the kind one could get off easily and some brown flip flops. His shirt was a hunter green and a simple cotton t-shirt, but on him it turned into so much more. The fabric hugged each outline of every muscle to perfection, and as Shinpachi moved he could see the rippling of those taunt muscles and felt himself salivating slightly.

"You look incredible" he finally managed to get out, finding his voice. The older man grinned, he loved compliments, and they were something Toudou paid him often.

"And you look good enough to eat!" He declared and swept him into a warm embrace, his mouth easily finding his young lover's. A pretty blush crossed Toudou's face as he swatted at the man playfully, earning him a smack on the butt and more kisses.

"Are you two going to play all night or are you coming downstairs?" A friendly voice drawled as Souji pushed himself from the side of the wall and sauntered toward them.

"Nii-sama!" Toudou exclaimed, his voice laden with worry "you know you're not supposed to be going up and down these stairs."

Souji waved his hand dismissively "I used the elevator." Toudou raised an eyebrow, knowing his brother was lying but decided not to point it out right that minute.

"Ok, well since you used on the way up we can use it to get back down right?" Souji nodded and then began to cough. Toudou ran over to him and felt his heart clench as he saw the slight spotting of blood on his brother's hand.

"Soujiâ€|" he murmured softly as Shinpachi put a reassuring hand on his back.

"Souji, why don't you lean on me, just till we get to the elevator ok?" Shinpachi stated, it sounded like a question but they all knew it was more a demand. Souji smiled wearily and gladly accepted the offer.

****next chapter:** the boys make their entrance and take their pick. It will either be from Sanosuke or Hajime's view. Who do you dear

readers want me to post first?**

REVIEW it makes me so very happy!

4. Chapter 4

my muse won't leave me alone for this story. i was slated to work on another one today and i was getting beat in the head with this.

thank you to alex and fuu for their lovely reviews, and here is some hajime-centric events. next will be sanosuke's take on it or shall i throw in some smut next? you guys let me know! i love hearing from you and your are the best! MUAH

Hajime let out a breath he wasn't aware he had been holding as they approached Elysium, the metallic silver sheen glinting under the streetlights. He saw most of the staff was up by their lights in the windows and some were even on the balcony enjoying the crisp night air. He looked at his brother, Sanosuke's face was serious, something that never happened he mused to himself. His dark auburn hair ruffled in the breeze from the rolled down windows and his golden eyes were like hard pieces of metal, belying nothing of his feelings. Hajime knew it would unwise to pry, his older brother had his reasons and he had never been given a reason not to trust his judgment. Sanosuke followed his gut, a trait that was admirable and usually right, Hajime favored logic but respected his brother's impulses well enough. He slowly unfolded his lithe frame out of the car as they brought the sleek, purring car up to the curb; he had gone from unknown to the establishment to a VIP in a matter of a day. He was in dressy casual clothes, dark jeans and a crisp white dress shirt, boring to some but a staple to him. He knew he needed to look nice tonight, the people inside already feared their father and his men; he wanted to set a different example. He was used to people respecting him from fear, not from any kindness he had shown them. He eyed his brother as he gave the valet the keys, the valet took the jingling keys and drove the car off. The VIP entrance was quite simple and yet lavish at the same time, the same golden doors adorned the entrance yet on those doors were lightly etched scenes from the Greek myths regarding Elysium. Fields were lightly drawn on the doors, barely scratching the metal yet plainly visible, in it people, the sun shining on them and a river snaking through the fields of heaven. Hajime studied it for a minute and lightly traced it with his gun calloused fingers, marveling at its beauty.

"Do you like it?" He turned at the sound of the voice and saw the young man from the previous day standing there. Hajime sucked in a breath as he was affronted with several sensations all at once, the man stood there his lustrous brown hair in a high ponytail, bangs slightly obscuring his sharp blue-green eyes that studied him without shame. His slim frame looked incredible in a purple long sleeved shirt, yellow tie and slim fitting black dress pants. He sputtered slightly before Sanosuke took over, but not before shooting Hajime a knowing look.

"Yes it is, please excuse my brother, he has a hard time speaking around such beauty" he winked at the brunette. Toudou offered a gentle smile at Hajime his eyes dancing with amusement.

"Then, my friend, you are about to have a very hard time. Follow me please."

The hallways were hardwood and their shoes clacked in chorus down them as they followed the smaller man, Hajime noticed his ponytail danced in time to his hips as they swayed and had the urge to tackle the younger man and take him right there. He mentally slapped himself for it but then reminded himself they were in a brothel and they were here for a reason. He wondered if the young man would mind if he asked to stay with him tonight, he wondered if he already had a lover, and what went through one's heart when they gave their bodies to so many? They were led down a single hallway that was only meant for VIP use, the owners had explained all VIPS came in the same way and would find the staff who were on duty for the night in the "common room" as they called it at precisely 1100pm, they would stay there for an hour until those who were not chosen would be allowed to retire for the night. Toudou had turned to glance over his shoulder, stopping in front of two large cherry wood doors.

"You might want to get ready, Toshi and Isami have called all of us here tonight to personally greet you, and so that you may have pick of the whole place." He smirked at Hajime "and should you find yourself rendered speechless, you can point and nod." Hajime felt a blush creep up his cheeks at the young man's words, and laughing Toudou heaved the doors opened and groaning they opened. Hajime and Sanosuke stepped in behind the man and his breath caught in his throat. There was nothing common about the common room, the high domed ceiling was painted with delicate silver filigree that laced down onto four pillars in each corner, the pillars were silver and it was there the filigree changed from silver to crimson. It snaked and wrapped around the pillars as if in an undulating erotic dance and when it reached the floor it abruptly stopped. On the walls hung silver lamps, adorning the room and a throwback to olden times, the furniture was all a silver color. There were overstuffed chairs, couches, tables, chairs, enough for the whole staff and they were full. He looked from person to person, all beautiful and felt his throat tighten, good thing he could point and nod. He saw the green eyed and silver tongued Souji Okita, the blue eyed pretty boy Shinpachi, whose eyes he couldn't get out of his head, the brown haired Dr. Sannen stood to the side no doubt coming to witness this, finally he caught sight of Toshi and made his way slowly to him, feeling the weight of 40pairs of eyes on him. Toshi saw him coming and turned with a smile, a genuine one at that Hajime thought, he was good at telling when people were lying and this man was glad to see him.

"Welcome Hajime-san" he said inclining his head.

"Just Hajime, please. Think of me as a friend." He managed to get out softly." Purple eyes met deep blue and held the gaze for a few minutes, seeing something in them the owner smiled and nodded, bring his face close to Hajime's he spoke so softly no one could hear but Hajime himself.

"You will be a friend until you betray us, and when you do not all the demons in hell can save you." With that he disappeared into the crowd leaving Hajime standing there doing his best not to look stunned. He was saved as the eccentric Isami swept in.

"My dears! I am sorry to keep you waiting" he announced in his

booming voice. "I wanted everyone to gather tonight to meet our new benefactors, Hajime and Sanosuke Yuikimura." At the mention of their last name shocked whispers went through the crowd, and Hajime knew they weren't pleasant whispers.

"Before you draw conclusions, let me point out we have a contract with them as to how they may treat all of you and it will be nothing short of respectful per ours and their own wishes. These men are not like their father's men, and if they are they will no longer be welcome here" with that he unfurled the contract they had all signed. "And this contract will be declared void, both men have agreed to the terms, and if you have questions you may ask Toshi or I." He grinned warmly at them then, showing a flash of white teeth. Before he could continue he heard his brother's voice address the gathered staff.

"I can assure you all, Hajime and I intend you now harm. We will willingly abide by the contract as agreed on by us and your bosses. We have no desire to treat you with anything other the upmost respect. That being said we also ask that you refer to us as Hajime and Sano or Sanosuke, we detest honorifics; something used on us too often by our associates. We would like to think we are among friends here." He brother flashed one of his most winsome smiles and he felt the tension relax slightly, until he heard a familiar sarcastic drawl.

"So let's get on with it, shall they pick their companion for the night Isami?" He looked to the source; it was none other than Souji Okita, leaning up against a pillar, hands in his pockets. Souji was gorgeous he admitted to himself, yet there were others who drew his attention more. His eyes glanced and settled on a shock of brown hair in a high ponytail and it became clear who he wanted that night, he was warring with himself about the whole situation when he heard Isami's voice.

"Yes yes I am sorry to keep you gentlemen waiting. If you will please pick your companion for the night, please mingle and when you choose simply ask." The gathered staff dissipated, as if nothing had happened and went back to chatting amongst each other, he knew this was just another work night for them. He felt Sanosuke leave his side and watched as he wove his way through the crowd to a certain pillar, he smiled, he had known his brother would go for the man. He turned to face in front of him and saw the high ponytail bobbing and weaving its way through the crowd, he started for it, as he walked by he felt eyes on him wondering if he was going to stop and choose them or hopefully keep walking. He knew they didn't want them here; they were Yukimura's, ruthless, deadly, foul and mostly unwanted. The hair had stopped and as he got closer he saw Toudou speaking to the one called Shinpachi, he neared and the two men looked at him. Blue eyes met his, he smiled but settled his gaze on the calm blue green one's of the young man. Realization passed though the Toudou's face and he smirked.

"So you did see something you liked then?" Hajime could only nod as he was pinned with a hard stare, it wasn't cruel but questioning as if making sure Hajime really did want him and wasn't joking around. Hajime decided it would be a good time to study his shoes, as he did he noticed a pair of feet stepping close to his.

"Look at me" Toudou commanded softly, Hajime looked. "Are you sure you want me? There are many others here." Hajime shook his head no,

his indigo hair shaking, he had it styled in a side ponytail but it was shaggy and still half obscured his face. Reaching up Toudou gently cupped his face, seeming to know what was on his mind.

"Despite all the beauty in here, I can assure you that you are among the most beautiful. Come, if you desire me then you will have me." He slipped his smaller hand into Hajime's only slightly larger one, giving Shinpachi a parting nod he led Hajime from the room. Hajime's blush spreading like wild fire from his neck up, and he thought he heard a low chuckle from Shinpachi.

They exited through a nearby door, which wasn't the one they came in and Toudou smiled at him as he led him up a winding flight of stairs. He was listening to him explain he was only on the second floor, and that eight people lived on a floor. In addition to that each floor had its own cook and spa, and the cook and spa could only be used by the workers on that floor and their guests. Hajime was only half listening as the man climbed the stairs in front of him, his eyes glued to his supple behind and Hajime wondered what it would be like to hold him. He was broken out of his reverie as with a click he heard a lock open and the door swung wide.

"Here we are my humble abode." Toudou ushered him inside and Hajime saw that everything was done in red with black accents. The walls of the rooms were crimson red which was somewhat shocking given the gentle nature of the man, and his furniture and appliances were all black. The room was large and reminded him of a studio apartment on steroids, the living area was when you first walked in, a large L-shaped sofa and a recliner were positioned in front of a large television. He also caught sight of DVD, radio and gaming devices sitting in the television stand, which was black with clear glass windows. On the other side of that was the kitchen area, complete with a stove, dishwasher, microwave and coffee pot he saw. There was a small nook in the kitchen area where a table and four chairs were, doubtless in case he had a guest, or guests Hajime thought with a cringe.

"I thought you had a cook?" He managed to get out brokenly.

He grinned "we do, but sometimes we like to cook for ourselves. Plus the coffee from the kitchen tastes like battery acid," he shook his head making a disgusted face. "But, everything else is good" he said cheerfully, leading Hajime to the back. The back being the bed and bathroom, there was a wall and a door in-between the common areas and the bedroom area, he stepped through the threshold and his breath hitched. The walls of the bedroom were the color of twilight, black but yet not black, the furniture in the room was all dark cherry wood including the bed frame. The bed was in the center of the room, a king sized bed adorned with various shapes and sizes of red and black pillows, a large black down comforter was pulled neatly over the bed and as Toudou pulled it down Hajime could see the sheets were blood red. He closed his eyes for a moment and tried to slow his breathing, he had never done this and he was becoming very uncomfortable very quickly. He opened his eyes to find Toudou slowly pulling his shirt off.

"Wait" he croaked out, the man's eyes widened in surprise. "I've never done this" he gestured toward the bed.

"Never had sex? Or never paid for it?" Green blue eyes regarded him warmly.

Hajime decided he would be honest because surely this man would know if he lied. He took a deep breath and blurted out the unavoidable truth.

"Both" he replied evenly.

reviews make me happy like food to a starving man so leave me some!

5. Chapter 5

Thank you to everyone who reads and reviews.

special shouts to alex, boss and fuu for the reviews, nice comments, especially nice criticisms and the love=)

Sanosuke saw without seeing, the beauty and extravagance of the room were lost on him. He was looking for one thing, a crop of auburn hair and cat like green eyes, two things he hadn't seen as of yet. He felt the tension in the atmosphere, and while he was not as sensitive as Hajime it was plain to see the staff were frightened of them, putting aside thoughts of Souji he cleared his throat and addressed the crowd as soon as the brothel owner ended his speech.

"I can assure you all, Hajime and I intend you no harm. We will willingly abide by the contract as agreed on by us and your bosses. We have no desire to treat you with anything other than the utmost respect. That being said we also ask that you refer to us as Hajime and Sano or Sanosuke, we detest honorifics; something used on us too often by our associates. We would like to think we are among friends here." He flashed one of his most winsome smiles and he felt the tension relax slightly, until he heard a familiar sarcastic drawl.

"So let's get on with it, shall they pick their companion for the night Isami?" Whatever else was said was lost on him as his golden eyes locked on green ones, Souji's eyes glittered like emeralds as if he had purposefully revealed his hiding place; and Sano slowly began to make his way toward the pillar the man was leaning on. He stopped short of Souji, eyes locked, tension mounting; he wasn't sure what to say or do luckily Souji seemed to be experienced with this and simply reached out for his hand. Sanosuke felt a jolt of electricity as their fingertips brushed softly, his calloused hands against soft, supple ones yet Souji had an iron like grip, sparing him a cock eyed grin, his eyes dancing he was led out the door.

Souji and Sanosuke didn't speak, it was a comfortable silence, if one could be comfortable when contemplating the fact that you were in a brothel with an incredibly gorgeous male who was leading you to his bedroom. He gulped nervously, trying to think of something to break the silence but he couldn't. He wondered what Souji was thinking, was he just another client to him or would he be treated differently because who he was? He mostly wondered what Isami had meant by Souji being interested in him, did that mean? No, he didn't even dare think it, a man like Souji would never be interested in him especially not with all the blood he had on his hands. They stopped at a door, Souji

smiling slightly his eyes calm and collected.

"This is my place" he gestured "would you like to come in?"

Sano thought of a million replies but the one that came out was not the one that he wanted to say "you make it sound like we are on a date."

Souji laughed lightly "aren't we? If you call paying for sex a date" he cocked a delicate eyebrow, sending it shooting up beneath his messy bangs as he opened the door. Sanosuke flushed with annoyance and began to feel angry.

"It's not like that; we certainly don't have to have sex. I won't push you into doing anything you don't want to." Souji's face looked shocked for a brief moment, and then he regained his composure.

"I was stating facts; you paid for me or anyone actually. I never said I wasn't interested" his smile became coy "because I certainly do want to see you in the throes of passion my gorgeous companion." Sanosuke fell speechless, after all what could he say, the object of his desire just had told him he wanted him. Wordlessly he let himself be led inside, Souji's place was simple yet beautiful as suited the man. The walls were a muted orange with bamboo furnishings, bamboo blinds, mats, furniture all with orange accents and pillows. His kitchen was a pale green with bamboo place mats, black table and chairs with black appliances he only had time to note before he was led into the bedroom. His jaw dropped, pushed against the window was a large bed, the frame made of bamboo gently twining and curving in twisting designs upward into a 4 poster bed. He noticed the dresser, rugs and desk were all made from bamboo, just like the living room the walls were painted a dark cream color which only offset the greens of the bamboo; and he noticed the green in Souji's eyes. He felt himself being gently pushed toward the bed and turned to look at Souji, his lips were turned up into a smile and his eyes looked eager? Was he seeing that right? He balked slightly and felt Souji come and stand beside him.

"We could do it on the floor if you prefer, I simply thought the bed might be more comfortable for us."

"I agree, I just, well, which position do you prefer?"

Souji's eyes danced with amusement "you mean like missionary, doggy, side by side?"

The bastard was going to make him say it, he sucked in a breath "no, top or bottom."

Souji waved a hand dismissively "I cater to your preference."

"And what if I say my preference is your preference?" Souji started at that, his eyes only widening slightly before narrowing. He looked unsure of how to respond.

"Usually I am bottom; my clients usually prefer that I do." His voice was soft, and Sanosuke heard some sadness behind it. He walked toward the man, noted that his shoulder slumped slightly and his hair curled slightly at the nape of his neck. He wasn't sure what possessed him to say what he did, as he brushed the red hair from his neck and

placed a gently kiss on the pale skin there.

"Then I will bottom for you, because tonight you are my client Souji Okita." When he heard Souji's breath suck in he knew he had made the right choice, Souji may be an experienced man but Sanosuke also had a good deal of experience and tonight he would use it to make Souji forget he was a whore. He stood behind the slightly shorter man and placed his lips back on the nape of his neck, stopping only for a moment to remove his shirt, he then continued to pepper kisses down his shoulder, and lifting one arm up brought his mouth to his hand sucking on his fingers gently. Letting the unblemished hand drop he rested his rough hands on slim hips and pressed into his soon to be lover, letting him feel his hardness and began light nips on his neck, following the same path on the other shoulder that he had followed previously. He paused only for a moment to whisper into his red head's ear.

"I want you to take me Souji, I want to feel you inside me, let me feel you." Souji turned around in his arms, his eyes clouded in lust. He didn't say anything but he didn't need to as his lips crashed violently with Sanosuke's, pent up passion, lust and desire was evident in the force and demand of the kiss. His teeth nipped and Sanosuke's lips drawing slight bits of blood as his tongue swirled in his mouth as if he couldn't get enough of the taste. Still kissing he pulled Sanosuke's shirt off, pausing the kiss only to pull it hastily off, both men panting, before their bodies crashed together again. He guided them toward the bed where they fell back, still entangled in each other's arms, Sanosuke felt him pull back slightly, inches from his face, panting.

"Are you sure, once I start there's no stopping." His green eyes had darkened with the force of his lust, and Sanosuke felt himself becoming more aroused.

"Souji" he replied, cupping a soft cheek in his hand "I don't want you to stop." The emerald eyes widened for a moment before becoming playful and Sanosuke finally let himself give into the bliss that was Souji. He felt the man's breath ghosting on his neck, saw the fall of auburn hair in his peripheral vision, then slowly felt the press of smiling lips on his flesh. He shuddered at the touch as Souji's hands lightly ran up his sides as the man straddled him, he glanced up underneath his hooded lids, his eyes glowing golden. Looking at Souji to him was like looking at the sun itself, his auburn hair tousled messily yet it almost seemed it was done to frame his emerald eyes. His eyes were clouded with desire and his face flushed prettily, his chest was slender with defined muscles and his hands sure and true as they began to unbutton Sanosuke's pants. Souji carefully scooted back off him a little ways and bent his head down slowly, his lips tracing a light pattern from his shoulder up to his ear, only stopping to nibble and suck on his earlobe before capturing his mouth again. As the green eyed man plundered his mouth he felt his nipples being lightly touched and then pinched slightly, he moaned and it was immediately swallowed by the other man. He felt himself grow harder as the pinching and rolling of his sensitive nubs continued while Souji's sinful mouth clung to his. He wrapped his arms around the smaller man, crushing him closer as they broke the kiss; both panting. Souji gracefully removed himself from atop Sanosuke and padded to the nightstand, opening the top drawer he took out a small bottle, Sanosuke eyed it warily.

Souji grinned "it will help with things Sano." He murmured as he rounded the bed, coming to lie beside him. He absentmindedly began to stroke the length of crimson hair that was spilling on his pillow.

Sanosuke nodded "if you think it will. I am yours tonight if you will have me."

The green eyes light up like fireworks, "who said I only planned to have you once?" At that his lips were captured again, except instead of a gentle kind kiss this one was hungry, needy, and passionate. His hands felt firm and true and he ran them up the expanse of Sanosuke's sides, noting that the man kept an odd looking bandage on his abdomen; but saying nothing of it. A low moan pitched from the red heads throat as he invaded his mouth again and again running his hands over the flat stomach and grinding himself onto the hardness he felt through the other's pants, a slow rhythmic grind that was driving Sanosuke crazy with need. His hands slid down Souji's back to cup his bottom and push him harder into himself as if he would find release that way. He felt Souji smirk against his mouth as he began unbuttoning the constricting fabric, slowly Souji moved back taking the pants with him, Sanosuke's erection sprang free and stood proud glistening at the tip from pre cum.

"Well" Souji said eyeing it with interest "I wasn't expecting that."

"I am sorry to disappoint-" Sanosuke said, embarrassment creeping into his voice, before Souji interrupted.

"On the contrary, I find it perfect, in fact the best one I do believe I have seen." Sanosuke felt a blush creep up his face but hardly had time to think about it as his cock was immediately swallowed whole and a pair of curious green eyes peered up at him.

"Fuck, Souji" he panted as he felt himself encompassed, without warning, by a tight, moist, heat. Souji hummed against him and he felt his hips buck. The green eyes locked again with his, and he instinctively knew Souji wanted him to watch as he slowly moved his head up and down his length, his deep red hair dancing, ticking his stomach and pelvis as it brushed him with the motion. He felt soft hands cup his sacs and gently roll them as the suction on his cock only increased, he felt himself slowly being driven over the edge. His eyes locked with the green ones, an almost feral look to them as Souji began to hum once again around him, he groaned, a deep guttural sound as he felt the pleasure slowly uncoiling in his stomach like a bear awakened from its hibernation. As the assault continued he felt the unwinding slowly in his stomach, his hands fisted the auburn hair of the man below him as he saw white, crying out his name he came in hot, white, spurts, shooting his pleasure into the waiting mouth below, thrusting his hips against that beautiful face. When he had ridden out his orgasm and regained his senses he saw Souji beside him, propped up on one elbow, a very satisfied look on his face. Gently he leaned over and kissed Sanosuke on the lips, he tasted his own release briefly as he deepened the kiss grabbing and dragging the younger man on top of him.

"Take me Souji" he commanded. He was rewarded with a grin as he felt already slicked fingers asking for entrance between his legs, he

parted them then and felt the cool wetness press against his entrance.

"It helps to relax" Souji said, his voice calm and melodic, he kissed Sanosuke again, distracting him as he pressed firmly against the virgin entrance. Sanosuke had always been on top, even with men yet with Souji he had the desire to do the unexpected, to make a meaningful gesture. It was clear Souji was used to being on bottom and Sanosuke wanted to give him a gift, the gift of letting him choose. He hissed as he felt one finger slowly ease its way in, kisses began to pepper his face in way of apology as Souji eased another digit in. The feeling was not bad, but foreign; he hadn't been sure what to expect but this was not it. He had envisioned this hurting or being terrible to bear yet he found it was kind of pleasurable. Souji he saw had now moved so he was sitting between his thighs, his pants had been tossed aside somehow. Sanosuke imagined he was too preoccupied to notice when as he had been kept unapologetically busy. As the fingers worked his entrance, scissoring to stretch him his eyes followed the path of auburn curls down to the rather large erection inches away from him. His worried eyes met Souji's, and as if to reassure him he slicked it with lube and removing his fingers entered him slowly. He felt himself stretch to the limits as the head entered him, and Souji stilled before he moved again, grunting Sanosuke tried to relax; but wasn't having much luck. He felt tears stinging his eyes as they watered and noticed that Souji's green eyes looked worried, then he felt Souji pull out and quickly slam back in, burying himself deep in him.

6. Chapter 6

thanks to everyone who reads, reviews and fav's you guys are awesome!

enjoy!

I reach out trying to love but I feel nothing. My heart is numb. But with you I feel again. ****

Toudou was sure it was meant to be a word, but what had started out a word morphed into a low guttural growl then into a completely wanton moan of pleasure. He smiled as Hajime reached his peak and hummed slightly around the cock in his mouth, as he did he felt the man shake with the force of his release. Warm, thick, salty liquid shot in forceful spurts down the back of his throat coating it, he swallowed quickly as more and more seemed to come. He felt Hajime's dick go soft, and greedily lapped at the last of his essence before removing his mouth, he drew back and lay next to the indigo haired man, studying him. He truly was gorgeous, his deep blue hair ruffled from the thrashing on the bed, a light sheen of sweat coated his forehead, his ocean blue eyes were hooded clouded with release, his body and face flushed a pretty shade of pink. He kissed him gently and felt his body shaking against him, he ran his hands down his sides trying to soothe him and slowly he relaxed under his touch. He saw the thin eyelids flutter open and found himself looking down into twin pools of water, feeling as if he were falling in he lowered his face to meet the normally stoic one beneath him, feeling the hot puffs of air on him from his panting. Hajime's lips were surprisingly soft despite the fact they were slightly chapped, his tongue begged for entrance into that sinful mouth again as he deepened the kiss, he

curled up into the dark haired man's arms accepting the full embrace as he felt him respond to the kiss.

He marveled at his companion, the cold blooded left handed Yukimura killer was not such a killer at all. Toudou had no doubt he was good at his job but when it came to matters of the bedroom he was innocent, how could someone who had spilled so much blood never know true pleasure? The slightly curved mouth that had called out his name in passion had never before called out anyone else's for he had never belonged to anyone else; he vowed to make this a night the man wouldn't forget because he felt a strange pull to him. It seemed when he looked into those eyes and was held by those arms the rest of the world fell away, his touch sent electric jolts into his body and the thought of being taken by him sent pleasurable shivers up his spine. This man did something to Toudou Heisuke, and no one other than Shinpachi had wormed their way into his guarded heart. He settled in the taller man's embrace peppering kisses on his slender neck, stopping every so often to nip slightly and was rewarded with a low noise of contentment. He felt a questioning hand slide down his back and ease gently down to his bottom, he nuzzled and nipped at his neck encouraging the exploration. Hajime complied and slowly ran his hand over the rounded flesh lightly causing goosebumps to appear. He nipped at the pale neck, encouraging the hesitant man to continue exploring, he felt the other hand move upward, tangling itself in his hair a moment before pulling the tie out.

Hajime's mind was racing, he wanted more of this; had he know the bliss that came he would have done this sooner. In a way now he was beginning to understand his brother a bit better as he still shook with pleasure from the younger man's ministrations. He felt small hands running up and down his sides, felt their touch and took comfort in it, his eyes fluttered open and he saw no judgment in the green blue eyes he stared into. As they kissed slowly and deeply he pulled the younger man closer into his embrace, he yielded almost instantly before breaking the kiss. Moving to his neck Toudou began to kiss and nip at him and he slowly and cautiously slid his hands downward to take hold of that delicious looking ass he had seen earlier. He was hesitant for a second until he felt a gentle nip on his neck encouraging him, as one hand rested on that gorgeous piece of flesh the other busied itself with undoing that glorious brown mane of hair. It tumbled free, falling well over the slight shoulders and was a light chocolate brown, Toudou looked surprised and then his eyes warmed as he smiled. Hajime took it in his hands and gently stroked it.

"Toudou Heisuke, I think I could lose myself in you." He saw a warmth spark in the younger man's eyes as he captured his lips once again, Toudou's were soft and supple, years of grooming and self care no doubt was the reason he maintained such an amazing physique. To Hajime it was like looking at an angel, his deep chocolate brown hair cascading gently over his shoulder to his low back where it swung like a soft curtain, when he moved it exposed the alabaster flesh underneath, smooth and unblemished. His face was inquisitive and his eyes always dancing with life in their sea colored depths, when he smiled, truly smiled it was unrestrained and showed his teeth and always reached his eyes. He personally had never made the man smile, but had seen him laughing with his friends; he longed to make this young man smile if only once.

He was startled from his day dreaming when he felt a gentle tug on

his nipple, he looked down to see smiling eyes looking up at him from his chest, Toudou had taken one of his nipples into his mouth and was sucking on it while he rolled the other nub between his fingers. He groaned at the sight of that succulent mouth on him, their eyes locked both clouded with pleasure when Toudou pulled his mouth from the dusky pink nub and crawled up beside Hajime, his hair brushing his face as he leaned forward and whispered into Hajime's ear.

"I want you to prepare me." Deep blue eyes went wide as he realized what the man meant.

"Truly?" He barely got out, "you want me?" He saw Toudou's eyes flutter closed then open back up again as a slow smile crept across his face, but Hajime noted it did not reach his eyes.

"Yes."

"You don't" Toudou looked shocked, "your eyes say you don't desire me." Hajime finished, not unkindly simply stating the facts. "I won't lie with you until I am wanted" he reached out a slender hand and stroked the man's cheek. "I have no desire to make you do that which you do not want to do."

Toudou shook his head, chocolate waves dancing with the movement, did he hear right? Hajime, the famous Hajime Yukimura wasn't going to force him. How could he know Toudou's thoughts? It wasn't that he didn't want the man, god he was beautiful he was a fool to not want him but he couldn't get the thought of Shinpachi laying in his arms curled up, shaking from pain and trauma from what the Yukimura grunts had done to him. He looked into the deep blue eyes as he felt a hand touch his cheek and saw no grudge.

"It's not that. You are incredible; I would have to be a fool to not desire you."

"Yet you do not." He replied simply. Toudou sucked in a breath.

"You are wrong, my friend was badly hurt. By your father's men, I am afraid in a way." He felt Hajime's arms wrap around him and bring him down onto the man's slender chest.

"Then let us take our time Toudou, and I will show you that I will not harm you, nor let any other harm you. And when you are unafraid of me then and only then will I consent to being with you."

They stayed like that until they fell asleep, Toudou curled in Hajime's strong arms who was absentmindedly stroking his hair, soon he heard light snores coming from the younger man and he vowed when they woke he would pleasure his young companion.

When your smile reaches your eyes at the thought of making love to me, then I shall give you my whole being and free you from this enslavement.

****review please it makes my day!****

****next chapter: we catch up with sano and souji thats right. get ready=) more delightful smut!****

7. Chapter 7

****time to catch up with Souji and Sano, my but i do think these boys will have quite the stormy relationship eh?****

****as always thanks for reading and don't forget to review because it's awesome when you do!****

Souji groaned as he felt the tight walls of the body beneath him, the golden eyes wet with unshed tears; leaning down he kissed the rough lips of the man beneath him offering reassurance against the pain of his entry. His hands stroking his face, sides, anything Souji could reach.

"Fuck Souji, that shit hurts" he muttered against his lips.

"Shhh, it will go away soon" he said gently, allowing the bigger man to get used to his size. He snaked his hand down between them and began to lightly stroke his now flaccid cock in an attempt to distract the man. There was no doubt that Sanosuke Yukimura was gorgeous, an excellent physical specimen with broad shoulders, narrow waist and strong legs. His auburn hair the color of a red blazing sunset spread across his plush bed with his golden eyes hazy with desire he certainly made the most delicious picture. Souji pulled out slowly, relishing the feel of being on top for once as his bedmate squirmed uncomfortably, he gripped those muscular hips careful not to grab near the bandage as he slowly pushed his length back in. The action earned a low moan from Sanosuke whose legs unbidden wrapped around Souji's slim middle; he repeated the action earning another moan. Leaning down so that his mouth was next to Sanosuke's ear he nibbled on the lobe as he ran his hands up and down the expanse of his body lightly moaning as he felt himself become harder. Sanosuke continued to thrash underneath him and buck his hips upward, Souji knew what was happening and that he would peak soon, he quickened his thrusts earning a growl from the man under him who roughly grabbed at his hips, bucking his hips wildly and bringing Souji deeper into him.

"Get on your knees" Souji whispered into his ear, he saw golden eyes go wide and then narrow at the command, yet he was obeyed. Smirking Souji took in the pretty view of Sanosuke's tight ass, the two round globes of flesh begging to be breeched, his dripping erection hanging between his legs. Souji sucked in a breath at the sight before positioning himself behind him and entering, earning a howl from Sanosuke as he filled him. Souji couldn't help himself, he reared his hand back and with a swift downward motion the resounding sound of a smack sounded throughout the room, Sanosuke's auburn hair whirled as he turned his head to look at Souji. Instead of the glare he was expecting he about fell off the bed when the auburn haired killer uttered his own demand.

"Again" one simple word sent Souji's hand crashing back down on that supple ass, again and again until it was red and angry. He slapped in time to his thrusts, Sanosuke crying out as his dick bobbed and leaked onto the covers, Souji's free hand found that glorious red mane and pulled as if holding himself upright. Their pace became frenzied as he rode Sanosuke like his life depended on it, slapping flesh echoed in the room with a chorus of moans and grunts as the two men drew closer and closer to their climax. With a final pull of Sanosuke's hair Souji grabbed his hips and began to thrust hard, fast

and deep into the tight warmth. He heard Sanosuke howl with need and reached forward to grasp the neglected member, as he did he bit the larger man's shoulder and growled, a completely feral sound of possession that he did not even know he could make. As he pumped the red heads angry member he felt himself closing in on his release, he sped his hand up and was rewarded when he heard a low unrestrained moan tear from his bedmate's throat and felt the warmth of cum coating his hand, he felt the walls clench down on his cock and he thrust deeply into the body below him only a handful of times before growling out his own release. They held that position for a few moments before Souji backed out of his lover and saw the telltale trickle of cum and blood wetting Sanosuke's thighs, afraid he'd been too rough he looked into the red heads golden eyes, but all he saw there was kindness as his lips were captured and he was swept into a warm embrace. Letting himself have this moment he nuzzled into the nest of flaming hair, breathing in the scent of Sanosuke, the scent of exotic spices and ginger. He felt strong arms wrap around him and could almost feel the smile from Sanosuke as he kissed him on the forehead.

"We should get cleaned up" he intoned tiredly. He felt a low chuckle resonate from the man's chest.

"You mean me I take it? I think we've already ruined your sheets." Souji smiled, and nodded slightly, untangling himself he walked to his bathroom and removing two robes pulled one on and handed the other to his companion.

"You will enjoy this, come" he extended his hand, raising an eyebrow Sanosuke took it and wordlessly followed him. Sanosuke allowed himself to be led through the winding corridors and down the flight of stairs into a large open room. It was dark, lit only by a few burning torches as if in an underground cavern, he turned to Souji questioningly.

"You haven't ever visited the spa here?" His green eyes were dancing, flickering in the torchlight. Sanosuke shook his head no and he saw Souji's mouth curl divinely upward.

"Another first for you then?" He quirked an eyebrow "seems to be a lot of those tonight. Come and let me bathe you." He waved a hand shushing Sanosuke's protesting, as he gently eased down his robe and reached for his hand. Sanosuke blushed as he felt Souji's eyes on him, the predatory green gaze raking up and down his body; he was still trembling from their coupling earlier and hoped his nerves weren't visible to the auburn tressed man. Souji stepped close to him and kissed him then, gently on the lips and he felt the soft hand's at his waist, resting on the bandage as if asking permission.

"No" he said, his red hair sparking in the firelight "it's ugly." Souji's face grew soft as he cupped a cheek with his hand drawing him in closer for another kiss.

"I want to wash every part of you, even the ugly ones; because they are on you they cannot be ugly." Sanosuke's heart jerked and he dropped his head as he felt Souji's deft fingers working the bandage off, he heard the soft intake of breath from the other man and closed his eyes, waiting for Souji to turn and walk away. Then he felt it, just a whisper of a touch as he felt soft finger pads gently glide over the shiny, knotted scar. Souji traced the whole length of the

scar from right above his pubic bone to up his left hip ending by the bottom of his lowest rib. He couldn't help it, he shivered with the touch on the sensitive scar tissue and something in his heart hurt; a tear leaked out as he felt lips replace hands and felt them map the same trajectory. Souji was accepting him, in his ugliness and uncleanness this man still deemed him beautiful, still wanted him. He looked down to see Souji kissing his stomach at the top of the scar looking up at him, he straightened up and smiled.

"Sanosuke, will you let me show you how beautiful I think you are?" His voice, still lilting had an air of lightness to it yet at the same time it was heavy. Sanosuke could only nod as Souji disrobed and taking his hand led him into the pool of water next to them. It was glorious, the water was heated yet still cool to the body, the pool glittered as Sanosuke realized it was made of black marble which was flecked with gold. His attention back on Souji he watched as the cat like man gently lay back in the water, his auburn hair billowing out around his face, green eyes half open. His eyes raked down his body, the slender chest and torso cut with lean well defined muscles, the hipbones pointing to a well manicured curl of auburn hair beneath his navel and his manhood half erect. His hooded eyes looked into Sanosuke's and he crooked his hand in a come here gesture, gliding through the water soundlessly he went as he neared Souji dove down the water and swam to him popping up right before him and eagerly pressing his lips against his. Sanosuke felt himself hardening at the gesture and moaned as their erections brushed softly, he looked into those emerald green eyes and caught his breath. Souji's angular face appeared even more so with the dim light, and as he moved his hair caught light that rendered it almost orange, his eyes glinting with lust as he wound his hand between them to grasp Sanosuke's length. He couldn't help himself, he bucked and thrust into the soft hand as he felt Souji's lips encompass his then slowly trace down his collarbone and on downward until they were on him. A low growl escaped his throat as he felt himself being swallowed whole, golden eyes looked down to meet green ones as Souji continued to suck him, his tongue swirling over the slit, his other hand rolling his balls gently. He groaned as they continued to stare at each other then Souji applied even more suction and quickened his pace, Sanosuke watched as the wet auburn hair clung to the delicate neck and danced with the motion of sucking him off. He felt the pressure in his stomach and tried to warn the man.

"Souji, I'm" he was cut off when Souji's mouth left him with an audible pop. He moaned at the loss of the feeling as the green eyed man, smiling began to suck Sanosuke's fingers. He had bedded women but never a man however Sanosuke easily guessed what he should, submerging his hand underwater he probed Souji's backside and found his entrance. He eased one finger in slowly as he heard his companion hiss at the feeling, then slowly added another; he wiggled them deeper and when he did he felt Souji buck against him a moan of pleasure spilling from his mouth. Sanosuke wiggled them again and received the same response; he continued to pump that spot until Souji fiercely smashed his lips to Sanosuke's.

"Please Sano, please" he practically begged, his eyes clouded with lust, shadows dancing on his face. He wound his arms around Sanosuke's neck and his legs around his waist in the chest deep water. Sanosuke groaned and spread that delicious ass wide open as he positioned himself beneath the man's entrance. Souji's hands were on his shoulders holding himself up while his legs were firmly wrapped

around his waist; he rose up feeling Sanosuke's large arousal beneath him and without another thought impaled himself on the throbbing cock. Sanosuke practically howled as he felt an exquisite warmth enclose around him he saw Souji looking down at him, his eyes glowing as he rolled his hips, and then rolled them again as Sanosuke began to match his rhythm. Souji's wet hair bounced with him, sending tiny droplets of water flying, his teeth were digging into his bottom lip as Sanosuke continued to pound into his entrance with the ferocity he hadn't known he possessed. This man was his, and his alone, he watched as Souji threw his head back and loosed a cry of pleasure. He moaned at the sight and looked down to see jets of cum spurting from his tip, cloudy and thick in the pool water. He tangled a hand in the auburn tresses and pulled his head down to meet his lips, using both of his hands to still Souji's still moving hips he roughly pumped himself into him as if trying to insert his whole being into the man. He nipped at Souji's lips, tasting blood and felt the younger man sigh against him as he roughly took him.

"Mine" he growled out between thrusts. "You are mine Souji Okita, and I am yours." Souji offered no response other than a slight roll of his hips and a moan; he rested his head on Sanosuke's shoulder, nipping at his neck gently. Sanosuke held him closer as he reached his peak, the younger man moaning against him as he continued to pummel him, finally he felt the jolt of pleasure deep in his groin and without warning he saw white as he painted the other man's walls white with his cum. Still carrying Souji he walked to the steps and sat down, resting Souji's knees lightly on the marble step he pulled back to see Souji's stormy face right before he got smacked across the face.

"Keep in mind Sanosuke Yukimura, that I am no one's and if anyone belongs to the other here then you belong to me." He made to smack him again but Sanosuke caught his fist with a warning growl from his mouth, Souji crashed their lips together roughly, biting and nipping at Sanosuke's offending mouth and tongue as he felt the older man growing hard inside of him again. He rolled his hips earning a moan of pleasure then roughly pinched a dusky nipple, rearing back Souji eyed him, he was flushed with desire; lifting himself up he brought himself up off his dick and then slammed himself back on top. Sanosuke moaned and fisted his hair bringing his face near his.

"Then let me be yours Souji Okita, if you will take me" Souji growled in response as he rode him, roughly at first biting and scratching drawing blood, then sweetly and gently as they neared their release; calling out each other's names as they came in hot white spurts, clinging to each other as if there was no one else in the world. They stayed like that for a few minutes afterwards; Souji slumped over with Sanosuke's arms around him rubbing small circles on his back. Souji eventually moved his face up to kiss Sanosuke's jaw and told him they still needed to bathe, he led him to an inner room where he bathed him with such tenderness it amazed him, he even washed the ugly gnarled scar, determined to return the favor Sanosuke had bathed Souji only to find himself getting aroused yet again at the sight of the man. After they had bathed the two men returned to Souji's plush bed, exhausted from their sex they curled into each other and fell into a deep sleep.

When Sanosuke woke the next morning he looked down to see if it was all a dream, he smiled when he saw a fall of auburn hair in the crook

of his arm and knew he had not imagined it and had indeed bedded Souji. He kissed the top of his head and laid back, enjoying the feel of the smaller man in his arms too much to move. Slowly cat like green eyes cracked open and he saw a smile curl Souji's pretty lips.

"So, you planning on staying for breakfast?"

Next chapter: Koudou has been busy while our buys have been getting busy!

8. Chapter 8

whew so much plot stuff here.

thanks to all who read and review! reviews make my day so please leave one.

In his office Chikage paced, wearing a trail in the carpet; two pairs of eyes followed his movements. Soft blue and sharp violet eyes of his two most trusted men Kyo Shiranui and Kyuujyu Amagiri, who stood silently watching their young boss react to the news they had brought him. Chikage's red eyes flashing dangerously in his angular face, his blonde hair being impatiently brushed back by his long and delicate fingers as he absorbed it, never stopping his movements, never looking up he addressed them.

"So it is true" he stated simply as if he was speaking of the weather.

"Yes" Kyo answered, worried for his boss. Chikage had only recently lost his father in a violent and brutal murder at the hands of the Yukimura's, at the hands of Sanosuke. He felt his heart clench at the remembrance of those golden eyes and sinful mouth of the man that had made his body hum with pleasure. That was until Sanosuke had been ordered to kill, no murder Chikage's father. The last night they spent together he had told him, he wanted to be stopped but he had been too weak-

His thoughts were interrupted by Chikage "and this drug, what is it exactly?"

Kyo shook himself from the thoughts "as far as we could gather it is an upper, similar to cocaine or meth except that it is far more potent. It gives the user a euphoric feeling but in addition they also feel immensely powerful, and in a sense become so. Unfortunately we were unable to observe much of the clinical trials of Dr. Sannen as it is heavily guarded, it was all we could go to catch a few glimpses."

"And he believes this will give him the hold he wants on the underground?"

Kyuujyu cleared his throat "I wouldn't doubt it, but it will take more than that. Yukimura has a dirty reputation, even for the underground more people are willing to come to you because yours remains untarnished." Chikage considered this for a moment before an evil gleam appeared in his eye.

"Well, if he has a new drug, then we had better get started on something that will make his look like child's play" he waved a hand dismissing them

The lithe brunette sat atop his lovers lap, straddling him and dropping kisses on his waiting lips. This was his favorite part of his day, when he got to be alone with the man he used to love. Oh, he still loved Koudou but not the same; the man had changed and not for the better how he wished things could go back to what they had been before his lust for power had taken him over. He remembered when Koudou had first become powerful and was fair, or as fair as a drug lord could be but things had changed after he murdered the patriarch of the Kazama family; and had his own son do it. The man he knew would never have done that, he felt the man's heart was turning black but still he couldn't walk away; to do that would be risking his own life. And so he stayed, relishing in the familiarity of their love and it was those times where he could see moments of times past, of happiness, of when Koudou was the man he had fallen in love with and not the man before him now. He looked into the swimming depths of those golden brown eyes and saw the lust shining out of them as he untangled himself from his arms.

"Keisuke Sannen, I swear you get more beautiful each time I see you" Koudou said, his voice husky.

"Ah Koudou, you flatter me too much" he smiled gently at the man.

"No, it's true. I know originally we decided you would be here for your protection but never did I dream it would suit you so well. Nor that you would have such an opportunity to really get into your work."

Keisuke settled next to Koudou on the couch, both still naked "yes, well, they did need a doctor and I happened to fit the bill. No one is the wiser now are they?" He kissed Koudou's cheek gently. "But this is not the time for reminiscing; I have made some progress on the water of life." At that Koudou's eyes lit up like a child expecting a toy. Keisuke walked to his desk, conscious of the hungry eyes on his naked form, opening his desk he drew out a small locked box, taking a key from another drawer he unlocked it to reveal several vials of the drugs and small packets of white powder, Koudou gingerly took one and inspected it.

"Some of the test subjects they have a tendency to get violent, the purpose of the water of life is the high and the intensity we do not desire them to hurt themselves or anyone else. This powder stops those urges, when mixed into the water of life it curbs those latent violent desires and instead gives a calmer more regulated high, though still just as intense as before."

Koudou furrowed his brow and nodded "so you've improved on it? Now it's less dangerous but with the same positive effects?"

"Yes, they will feel everything except their more base desires will be kept in control."

"Does this include sexually?"

Keisuke laughed "no, I suppose I should say their base violent

desires, and if it's violently sexual then yes that will be controlled too."

A smirk appeared on Koudou's face as he reached for a vial of the water of life, to Keisuke's horror he downed it in one gulp and grinned.

"I'm glad it doesn't because I want you again Dr. Sannen, and I want to feel how intense fucking you will be on this." Keisuke shrunk away slightly, he didn't want to be mauled while his partner was high and he had told Koudou to stay away from it. He put up little resistance as he was crushed to the man's chest and his body roughly groped as the drugs started to kick in. His mind began running a million miles a minute trying to think his way out of his situation, when he realized he couldn't he began to think of ways to prevent Koudou from taking the drug again. His mind twisted and turned as his lover pounded into his body whispering sweet words into his ear that he didn't hear, this monster wasn't Koudou he knew that. As he tolerated the sex, which he realized probably would have been spectacular had he actually been interested in it, he was relieved when he felt Koudou's body begin to spasm and jerk as his orgasm approached. With a roar the bald man pulled out and forcefully sprayed his hot white seed all over Keisuke from his pelvis to his throat, when he was finished and limp he bent down; with a grunt he kissed the tip of his nose before palming Keisuke's erection. His damn body had responded to the sex even though it hadn't been wanted, as he felt himself grow harder against his wishes so he closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on the feeling; and when he finally came sending rivers of thick sticky cum onto Koudou's hand he shuddered uncontrollably. Koudou thinking he was cold drew him close to him on the couch covering them in a blanket, but Keisuke Sannen wasn't cold, he was empty.

who guessed that Koudou's lover was Sannen? and what did you think about that Sano/Kyo history that was alluded to?

review please!

9. Chapter 9

thank you to everyone who reads and reviews, fuusunshine and alexocherry thanks for your continued support!

He woke up to the sweet smell of coffee, the heavenly liquid bubbling in its pot, his nose twitched at the smell as he rolled over attempting to locate his indigo haired bed mate so he could bury himself in those strong arms. With a start he realized Hajime was no longer in bed, and in fact where he had been was cold a sure sign he had been long gone. He knew the man had to be around somewhere as the coffee was on, quickly sliding on some shorts he padded out to the kitchen only to see Hajime at the bar quietly sipping coffee lost in thought. Toudou took this moment, while he was unnoticed to observe the lean, stoic man. Hajime's long, wavy hair was unbound falling down gently around his shoulder s and snaking down to his mid back. His deep blue eyes were focused not on the present but he could see were gazing at the past, he absentmindedly raised the coffee cup to his slim lips as he took a slow, long sip of the steaming liquid. Toudou smiled sadly, whatever the man was recalling was not from a time of happiness, he saw the lines by his eyes, the way his mouth

pulled down; he quietly made to back away from the kitchen when a low voice stopped him.

"What do you see Toudou Heisuke?"

He froze, he hadn't thought he had been noticed "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize" Hajime turned to face him, his eyes still looking deeply troubled "I asked you a question."

"How do you want me to answer that Hajime?" He was growing concerned at this particular line of inquiry.

A smile gently formed on Hajime's face as he got up and walked to stand before Toudou "honestly, I want you to answer honestly."

Toudou usually would have lied to please a customer, but this wasn't just any customer; and he knew any lie he said would be seen through easily. He looked into those deep troubled eyes and took a slender hand in his soft one.

"I see sadness, frustration, regret. There is no doubt your life has not been easy, yet you continue to persevere. I see a man who has overcome many obstacles and who does not give up easily, someone who values his loved ones, and who has sacrificed little but lost much." Hajime smiled sadly.

"And tell me, after seeing me as such do you still find me beautiful?" He said it so low Toudou wasn't sure he had heard him at first.

"I find you more beautiful" he answered honestly, he found the rawness and emotion in the quiet man irresistible. He knew many people put on a happy face but Hajime never hid what he felt because how can you hide something when it's written all over you? He knew that most people probably missed such things, but he had been trained to pick those up since he was young. Mainly because you had to know your clients, and be able to read nonverbal cues to tell if they were lying, going to hurt you, or most of all falling in love with you because after his older brother and the Kazama heir fiasco that became a rule written in stone. Yes, no clients were allowed to fall in love with the staff, but that's not what he was worried about, no he was worried about himself falling for Hajime.

Hajime almost reacted, but quickly schooled his features as Toudou told him he was even more beautiful, not waiting another minute he pulled the smaller man into a warm embrace eagerly hunting his lips with his own. Hajime ran his tongue along the younger mans upper lip, begging for entrance and it was granted. He felt Hajime gently probe his mouth and their tongues began to twine together as their arms wrapped them into each other, he felt Hajime pull away from his mouth and he let out a moan of disappointment to which he heard a chuckle. Kisses were pressed onto his neck and down his chest until he looked down and saw Hajime on his knees in front of him tugging at his shorts, a bolt of realization shot through Toudou as he looked into those swirling depths.

"Hajime, no" he barely got out; he was supposed to be pleasing his client not the other way around.

"I want to" was all he heard as his pants dropped to the floor and he felt a tentative lick on the underside of his member, then a rough hand wrap around the base as the tongue continued to lick the tip. Against his will he moaned, it felt so damn good and the sight of the powerful Yukimura killer on his knees pleasuring him, swimming blue depths watching his every reaction made him inexplicably turned on. Hajime wrapped his hands around his hips and gently squeezed his small cheeks, he sighed as he tangled his hands in the gorgeous hair, pulling it back from the man's face so he could watch. Hajime may not have been experienced but his hesitation and exploration of Toudou's intimate parts was what was turning him on the most; it had been so long since he had a lover who had wanted to take his time to truly learn his body. Hajime was observant, noticing the small things that made his breath catch and then doing them again and again until he was lowly moaning out the indigo haired man's name like a mantra. He felt the two fingers on the side of his face, inching their way toward his mouth; he turned his head and began sucking on them, coating them the best he could. Still standing he spread his legs wider for Hajime, who gently ran his fingers around the edges of his entrance before easing one inside. He shifted uncomfortably as he felt the second one enter shortly after, slowly he felt himself being explored, and he tilted his pelvis slightly, trying to help Hajime find what he was looking for.

"Curl your fingers" he panted out, blue green eyes meeting his lover's deep blue. Hajime slowly did as asked and Toudou felt a jolt of pleasure and let out a lovely moan as his prostate was struck. Hajime, sensing what was happening began to curl and release his fingers in a quick rhythm as he also plunged them in and out of the smaller man earning a string of moans, curses and gasps filling the otherwise silent room. Toudou tangled his hands deeper in the mane of hair as he began to feel his legs shake with the need to have his release, he tried to push Hajime's head away but the man wouldn't have any of it and began sucking him with a vengeance and abusing his entrance even more determinedly. He felt his dick jump in the man's mouth, signaling the end was near; he grabbed the beautiful face of Hajime Yukimura and looked down into it, locking eyes with the man he held his head still as he thrust into that sinful mouth. Hajime stilled, and his eyes shone like sapphires up at Toudou as the young man came, sending salty streams of liquid down his throat he swallowed it and then gently licked the tip of his penis before backing away. Toudou's legs, still shaking, gave out from under him; he hit the floor, landing on his knees in front of Hajime. He was exhausted, mentally and physically as he laid his head on the older man's shoulder, feeling the comforting touch of those rough hands running up and down his back as he still trembled with pleasure, washing over him like waves. He knew Hajime had never been intimate with anyone, he also knew no one but Shinpachi had ever bothered to see to his pleasure, he turned his head to kiss Hajime's creamy white neck, murmuring a thank you as he felt himself being lifted and placed on the couch. A blanket was thrown over him and a few minutes later he was handed a hot cup of coffee, smiling he took it as Hajime positioned himself behind him, he leaned back into the other man's warmth.

"I have to leave soon, Sano and I have business to attend to today" he snaked an arm around Toudou's waist "will you be alright?"

The slight man laughed "I will be fine Hajime-chan" he said trying

out the honorific that was meant to express tenderness between lovers. He swore he could almost feel the man go bright red behind him, he truly is beautiful he thought to himself remembering the wildness of the unbound hair, the telltale eyes the need and want to comfort the haunted man.

"Would it be too forward if I asked to see you again?" He asked softer this time, his voice just a whisper as if a feather had just brushed his ear.

"You can always come here, just call ahead so I can make sure to not be tied up."

"Literally or figuratively?" He heard a joking lilt to the deep tenor. He shook his head, and leaned back craning his neck to meet Hajime's face if he rolled his eyes toward his forehead he could see the man slightly.

"Quite possibly both."

"Very well, I will call ahead. I will arrive around seven, would you like me to bring dinner?"

"Is this like a date?" Toudou hedged, taking another sip of coffee.

Hajime laughed then, a deep throaty unrestrained laugh that had Toudou utterly confounded.

"As if I could do anything that would impress you! I am sure you have had many try to sweep you off your feet, no Toudou there is nothing I can do that would do such a feat but" he paused to take a breath between waves of laughter "if you desire a simple dinner and some company who won't try to take advantage of you I can provide that."

Toudou smiled in spite of himself "I think Hajime, that sounds like an excellent way to spend the evening." It was unfortunate that Hajime wasn't in a position to see this smile, because it most certainly reached Toudou Heisuke's eyes.

Next chapter both pairs of brothers speak about their nights.

10. Chapter 10

Thanks to all who read and review, please know it is greatly appreciated and loved! and please review! =)

Hajime met Sanosuke downstairs, Sano to his credit had already requested the car be pulled around and was in the process of digging in his wallet for a tip. He saw his brother approaching and grinned widely, his golden eyes glowing brightly.

"Did you enjoy yourself little brother?" His eyes dancing with mirth, Hajime only nodded slightly before replying.

"I did, he is a very kind person." Sanosuke smiled, he didn't want to push his brother but sometimes he needed a push; no rather a

shove.

"How is heâ€¦in bed?" He said the last part as a whisper before the valet approached, mercifully saving Hajime from answering. Glaring at his red haired older brother he sunk down into the plush seats of the car and leaned back, he knew however that Sanosuke wouldn't let him off that easily and so when the question was repeated he chose to answer.

"So? How was he in bed Hajime-kun?" He was rewarded with a glare before he got his reply.

"We did not have sex since you must know." Hajime managed to get out evenly, he was embarrassed as he had not yet bedded the man as was expected when one was in a brothel. It was just because what he saw or rather didn't see in Toudou's eyes had given him pause. He refused to bed someone unwilling, and it would be all the more sweeter if he truly had to work to win the small man's affections.

"No sex?" Sanosuke was truly stunned; he had figured his virgin of a brother would jump on this chance, especially with one so knowledgeable and attractive. Hajime sighed audibly before speaking again.

"If you must know, it was obvious he was simply doing his job and there was no desire there; at least none I saw until this morning when he allowed me to please him. I will wait until he is ready to have me."

Smart, Sanosuke thought, but then again that was how his brother worked. Maybe the boy had been skittish, though he didn't appear to be; or perhaps he simply played hard to get? Or was it Hajime that was scared and avoiding the deed? He twisted a bit of his free hair in his hand, the boy had seemed nice enough and very attractive; and he knew by the looks his stoic brother got that he was considered highly attractive as well. There had to be a different reason for the non-completion, he glanced at his brother's profile seeing nothing that would betray his true feelings.

"Will you see him again?" He tried to sound nonchalant, but he knew he didn't.

"Yes, we will have dinner tonight around 7."

"Would you like me to drive? I told Souji I would be back around 8, I don't mind coming early even if I have to wait a bit." Hajime seemed to brighten at that and nodded his assent.

"Speaking of Souji, how was your night?" Hajime had to smile a little when he saw his big brother turn about ten different shades of pink, then red. His brother swallowed and looked a little nervous and in a very uncharacteristic move Hajime began to laugh, a deep rolling sound, starting softly and slowly building.

"Do you think you can even verbalize Sano? Or did that gorgeous man do things to you no one's done?" He lightly teased, causing Sano to make a face and splutter. He finally collected himself enough to answer the question, he had of course been startled at Hajime's teasing and also at the fact it was seriously hurting to drive at the moment courtesy of one Souji Okita and his horsecock that had ravaged

him the night before.

"He was incredible" he choked out after a moment.

"That's it?" A delicate indigo brow raised, "incredible? I don't believe you."

"Well, he was. We had sex until we were exhausted, and we switched places." Hajime's mouth hung open, his brother never bottomed, not for anyone. The only reason he knew was because his brother would tell him of his relations with women or men if not to make him cringe then to brag; but now he didn't seem to be trying to do either. A sure sign he was smitten with the emerald eyed man, and that was something he knew could end one of two ways; he hoped for Sano's sake it ended well, the opposite of his relationship with Kyo.

"Sanosuke, you never, why?" He questioned his older sibling, not judging but with curiosity.

"He needed it" he answered as if it were that simple. To him it was, and Sanosuke was by no means a simple person he viewed the world in black and white. Souji clearly bottomed often and while he didn't leap at the chance to top he had very obviously enjoyed it, with a wince of pain as he shifted gears he remembered that he too hadn't complained of Souji being top either. Least, not at the time. Souji he thought was a man who was very adept at hiding what he was thinking, at least verbally, but his actions spoke depths about his heart. He knew this because he was the same way, and when he had been touched by the green eyed devil he had known there was true and genuine feelings behind that touch regardless of how well trained he was or not. Souji had touched and kissed his ugliness, his shame, without even a second thought or question. A touch could belay many emotions, and the way one held another person spoke volumes and he knew that he would not have been so well cared for if Souji had not wanted it so, nor wanted him to come back.

On the other side of the car Hajime was leaning back, his eyes closed, thoughts wandering to a certain impish young man. Toudou Heisuke and his laughing eyes, how he wanted them to laugh for him, no with him. He slumped down in the car as if to feel the younger man's embrace, and in his mind he heard his soft voice.

"I think you are even more beautiful."

He smiled slightly, he was wanted in all of the ways that mattered, and the sex could wait. First he had to conquer Toudou Heisuke's heart.

Toudou was still snuggled up on the couch in the blanket, inhaling Hajime's lingering crisp scent when he heard the lock on his door turn. Not bothering to get up he scooted over slightly on the couch and awaited the familiar weight of his brother. Souji entered his place looking tired, slightly bedraggled but happy, knowing the golden eyed man was probably the cause Toudou reached out to brush hair out of his brother's face as he settled on the couch.

"You like this one" he said, a statement and not a question.

"Why do you say that?"

"You have that look, the same look you had with Chikage." He saw Souji visibly stiffen, but he wasn't going to relent. He did want his brother to be happy, and he would be safe as long as Sanosuke didn't behave like Chikage had.

"Don't bring that up" Souji all but hissed, his emerald eyes flashing in annoyance.

Toudou pushed him slightly "someone has to and it may as well be me." He turned so he was looking his brother fully in the face "besides, it's true. You have the same look now you had after you and Chikage were intimate I remember it well, because I'd never seen you so happy."

Souji looked stunned, he placed a gentle hand on his younger brother's shoulder "Toudou, tell no one of this please."

"I won't, but if he makes you happy and is kind to you then I am happy." Souji looked thoughtful, then one side of his lip curled into a lazy smile. He was thinking about Sanosuke, calling his name in the throes of passion as the man forced wave after wave of pleasure to be wrung from his body, his strong arms and soft kisses, the way he looked at him after he had kissed that terrible scar on his otherwise perfect body. This man was nothing like Chikage in looks nor personality, and where he had been reserved with his former lover he got the feeling he did not need to be with his new one.

"He is kind, and giving in bed. I don't know too much about him yet other than what he does, but I can say there is certainly more there than he lets on." Toudou nodded.

"Hajime is the same way, he is troubled but still patient and caring with me."

"Did you couple?" He was shocked when his brown haired brother shook his head no.

"He didn't want to, he said it was obvious I did not want to." He took a breath and looked down at his hands, knowing Souji would want the whole story. "I told him it wasn't because I did not desire him, I would be insane not to" he laughed roughly "I told him it was because my friend got hurt by his father's men and I was nervous."

"You told him of Shinpachi?"

"Yes, but I did not give his name, I gave no more than necessary."

"He didn't force you?"

"Oh no!" Toudou looked appalled. "Hajime wouldn't. Instead I saw to his pleasure, and this morning he very unexpectedly saw to mine."

Souji's eyes widened "and he asked nothing in return?"

"Simply that I have a meal with him tonight, nothing physical involved he assured me. He does not strike me as not being a man of his word." Souji whistled low as if amazed.

"I wasn't sure about him, but if you think he is ok."

"He is" his brother cut in insistently "I wish you could get to know him, after all his brother is your lover. It seems they are very different. Hajime is thoughtful and troubled, Sanosuke probably is the same but has a different way of showing it."

"They have one thing in common thought Toudou."

"What is that Souji?"

"They are both gorgeous, and I have no doubt incredible in bed." Toudou snickered at that and Souji just chuckled, throwing his arm around his younger brother they changed the topic to other things; both wondering how they got so lucky. This was all they could dream of, a roof over their head, three meals a day, and drop dead gorgeous benefactors who were trying to make things better. It was a far cry from the life they had previously lived, with nothing but each other. What they had forgotten however was that things always get worse before they get better, and they were no exception to that rule.

11. Chapter 11

****thanks to everyone who reads and reviews! please leave me a comment they keep me going=)****

Chikage was in a cold rage as he paced the floor of his office, ruby eyes flashing, hands raking through his sweat drenched blonde hair. How dare that Yukimura bastard, he ground his teeth in righteous anger. He wasn't going to let this slide, Sanosuke Yukimura would pay for this slight; he realized that his reaction was over dramatic but he couldn't help it. Souji Okita had been and always would be his, even if circumstances had separated them he had always hoped to get him back, then today he learns that Souji and Sanosuke spent a rather steamy night together. This, he knew, shouldn't bother him after all it was Souji's job; that wasn't what was irritating him. It was the fact that Sanosuke had spent the money to make sure only he could see Souji, just like he himself had done when he first fell hard for the emerald eyed man. Chikage wasn't usually an irrational man, but after their first night together they both felt the pull, he had spoken to Isami and Toshi and made Souji his, essentially making it so he would have no other patron than himself. To hear his rival and his father's murderer had done the same was unacceptable to Chikage, that Souji was letting this man defile and soil his body. As if that Yukimura bastard wasn't annoying enough he had also received the latest reports on the drug research, which were an epic failure. He had the best scientists working for him but why couldn't he reproduce the effects of the water of life? No, not even reproduce but make better. He had the drug in his labs, oh yes he had gotten a hold of some and yet it seemed to baffle his research team.

With a sweep of his hand he knocked the papers off his desk, sending them fluttering to the floor and landing there as he continued to pace, the soft crunch of the papers whispering against his ears. He had some of the new drug Koudou had, the water of life, an incredible drug that gave the user a false sense of invincibility, strength, euphoria. It was a dangerous drug, stronger than any on the market

and also more addictive. He had failed to make a drug once, a drug to help Souji, and he refused to fail at the same thing a second time. He closed his eyes as a memory played in his head.

_"Souji, you really need to take it easy" he had chided his lover, raising a spoon full of broth to his mouth. Greedily his auburn haired lover had slurped it down, not caring that half of it ended up on his chest. _

"I can't help it" Souji had whined "how was I to know we would get carried away?" It had been like this for months now, Souji falling ill at the drop of a hat or over exerting himself and having to be on bed rest for days after. This time it was bed rest because Souji had decided to get frisky and insisted that they have sex, Chikage hadn't really put up much of a fight and eventually relented. Which is how they got here, his lover feeding him broth.

_"You don't have to stay you know" Souji said, clearly not wanting the blonde man's pity. _

_"I know" he had said, dropping a kiss on his forehead "but I want to take care of you and be with you." Too tired to argue the brunette had allowed Chikage to stay, as the ruby eyed man wrapped himself around him he had begun to cough and hack, the action shaking his body. Chikage held him tightly rubbing circles on the small of his back as his fit continued, a gesture he knew Souji found comforting. Once the coughing had subsided Souji had fit himself into his lover's embrace and fallen asleep comfortably, dreaming of the life they could have together. The next morning Chikage had brought him breakfast and coffee in bed and sat with him, gently feeding him in-between fits. _

_"I'm going to make you better Souji, I promise. I'm going to find a cure and I will take you away from this." Souji gave him a weak smile, wanting to believe him he knew; and at the same time not wanting to have false hope. _

"Chikage" he said taking the blonde's hand in his "I have come to my peace with this."

Chikage felt tears brim in his eyes, his lover and friend of a year was slowly dying. He turned to face Souji and vehemently said "well I have NOT made my peace with it!"

He saw emerald eyes widen and a soft smile creep across the pale lips as Souji leaned into his embrace.

"Chikage..What did I do to deserve a lover like you?"

No, he snapped his head up; he wouldn't let himself think like that. He had let Souji down, still unable to find a cure he was disgusted with himself; but he hadn't given up. Now he also had this added problem of the Yukimura's, the whole damn family. They were infringing on his territory both business and pleasure and they had to be stopped. He would be the one to come up with a new and better drug than the water of life, and he would be the one to win Souji's heart back; he doubted that it had even been conquered by that firebrand Sanosuke and if he acted fast it wouldn't be. With a crack of his knuckles he began to formulate a plan.

Across town, in his room Souji was curled up in his bed, a box of tissues and a wastebasket nearby. All of his activities with Sanosuke had sent him into bed rest as soon as he got back from visiting his brother. Gingerly throwing a bloodied rag into the trash can he sighed and furrowed his brows, he was growing more concerned that he was going to fall for the golden eyed man. He had heard from Isami and Toshi earlier that day that Sanosuke had requested he be Souji's only lover and had not only agreed to the steep price but paid it up front, this meant in a way that Sanosuke was his boyfriend. He had only had one other man do that, and it had been Chikage Kazama.

He had been hiding in a sense, concealing himself behind a pillar in the main room. He had been tired and unwell that day, and truth to be told didn't feel like working. He was leaning against the concrete, eyes closed, lost in thought when a smooth, melodic voice interrupted.

"Do you always hide from your customers?" His eyes snapped open at the annoyance of being found as he took in the offender. A man as tall as himself with ruby red eyes, shaggy blonde hair and a sly smile, his eyes sparking with mischief and warmth stood before him. He felt his lips turn upward in appreciation of the man's physique.

"I'm not hiding" he had replied evenly "I'm simply seeing if anyone is worth my time."

The blonde held out his hand "I am worth your time." Souji hadn't hesitated; he slid his hand into the blonde's and led him off.

"You name?" He asked, not unkindly, but this man obviously didn't mince words.

"Souji, you?"

_"Chikage" he responded simply. Chikage, he had racked his brain that night trying to figure out where he knew that name. _

_That night they spent all night in the throes of passion, he remembered it well for it had been nothing like he had ever experienced. Usually he was expected to give pleasure without taking any but with Chikage it was give and take, the flashing ruby eyes watching him as his mouth wrapped around his cock and he sucked until Souji filled his mouth with his seed, his moans and grunts as he breeched the tight entrance, his nails down his back, hands in his hair. Their lovemaking was passionate, possessive and needy, as if they could never get enough of each other. That was the premise for their relationship, Chikage had quickly made sure he could have no other suitors and began to court Souji exclusively; Souji found he quite liked it and the quirky blonde man. They spent day and night together, and he didn't even flinch when he had found out Chikage's last name, Kazama, of the Kazama clan; known for being drug and small arms dealers. The clan was second only to the deadly Yukimura clan, whose two sons were rumored to be death dealers walking. _

_The love hadn't lasted though; Chikage had set to work on finding a cure for Souji without success. He had been touched by the effort but knew it was fruitless and as such had tried to dissuade his lover from that route of action. Chikage refused to be swayed and Souji had

grown more worried, he saw how the man hovered over him as if he were a fragile doll. Then Chikage's father was murdered, by Sanosuke Yukimura and their love went to shit as Chikage did the one thing Souji had asked him never to do._

12. Chapter 12

****Thanks to the lovely fuusunshine for beta'ing this chapter and encouraging me with it despite how rough I found it to write!****

****as always thank you for reading and please review.****

Sanosuke had arrived an hour early, or rather one hour and five minutes early. He had given Hajime a ride since both men planned to stay the night it seemed silly to take separate cars; he figured he would be alright for an hour on his own. He had been shocked to say the least to find an already waiting Toudou in the main room, but he couldn't help the grin that split his face when he saw his brother's cheeks turn pink as he returned the boyish man's beaming smile hesitantly. Deciding to break the moment he held out his hand to the smaller man who had so obviously captured his shy sibling's heart.

"Toudou, I don't think we have been formally introduced, I'm Sanosuke Yukimura." He could instantly see why Hajime was attracted to him, he had a fine physique but his eyes sparkled vibrantly and everything about him seemed bright somehow. His child like demeanor held an air of maturity and he got the feel that as much as he liked to have fun he could also be serious if the need arose.

"Toudou Heisuke, and it's a pleasure to meet Hajime-chan's older brother" the addition of chan did not go unnoticed by Sanosuke, who lightly arched an eyebrow. Smiling warmly he released the younger man's hand and ruffled his brother's dark hair.

"Have fun you two, just text me when you're ready to leave lover boy here" he said to Hajime, winking at the pair. Hajime's face turned crimson as Toudou drew him in for a deep kiss, Sanosuke chuckling lightly as a spluttering Hajime was led off by a rather smug looking Toudou. He turned back to the table, settling himself in as he knew he had an hour before Souji would be available. He hated that he had to wait for him to finish with his other clients, but he knew that soon his emerald eyed lover's only client would be himself. He contented himself with that knowledge, and was so deep in thought pondering all things Souji Okita that he didn't realize someone was sitting next to him until he heard fingers tapping on the table. Looking up he found himself staring into bright blue eyes and an unruly mess of dark brown hair.

"Sanosuke Yukimura?"

"Maybe, depends on whose asking." He looked up to see a tall brunette eyeing him intently.

The brunette smiled but his eyes were cold "Shinpachi Nagakura, friend of the consorts of you and your brother." He pinned Sanosuke with a stare that could pierce iron "we need to talk."

"So talk" Sanosuke crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair

studying the man.

"Not here, there are ears; come with me."

He stood up and followed the broadly built man out of the room, his voice had a commanding air to it underneath the jovial exterior. He had seen this one, but not spoken to him before and knew he was friends with the brothers, winding down staircase after staircase they came to a familiar sight. Bathed in soft light they had arrived at the spa area, they passed the pool and continued down the hall to a small room. It was a plush and comfortable room with overstuffed furniture and light pastel colors, he settled into one seat while Shinpachi took another.

"Have you eaten?" Sanosuke was remiss to admit he hadn't, it actually hadn't occurred to him he had spent so much time getting ready. He wanted to look his best for Souji and as such had braided his auburn hair into a thick tail which hung over his shoulder, he wore white shirt with the first few buttons undone and dark navy dress pants.

"No, I haven't." Shinpachi nodded and proceeded to press a small button on the corner of the wall near his chair, moments later another staff member appeared and handed them menus.

"So, you have all sorts that work here" he mused, his brunette companion seemed offended at the question.

"Of course we do, all of us have a hand in running it. Before I was in my current position I had to do some different jobs here as well."

"Is your current position the highest you can go?" Sanosuke was curious, so there was a hierarchy of sorts here.

Shinpachi nodded "short of being the owners yes."

"What can you tell me about this?"

"I can't" he said simply "it's not for you to know, and that's not why I wanted to eat with you." His blue eyes were hard, like ice chips. Sanosuke narrowed his eyes in question.

"Then what is it?"

The door creaked open and the waitress appeared again, Shinpachi gave her a winning smile before gesturing to Sanosuke to order. As they ordered Sanosuke noticed the waitress appeared afraid of him but at ease with Shinpachi, he felt this was normal but yet off putting. He didn't think of himself as scary, and certainly had done nothing to perpetuate the thought he was, well except be a Yukimura. Sighing he molded himself to the back of the chair and looked to Shinpachi. The man was attractive, his bright blue eyes and dark hair setting a nice contrast, he noticed the man always wore a headpiece similar to a bandanna around his forehead and it actually looked good on him, it gave a sort of bad boy vibe. His grey cotton shirt clung to the dips and grooves of his well chiseled body and his dark black shorts skimmed right below his knees. He was a fine looking man, strong and powerful, much like Sanosuke himself.

"Shinpachi" he stated as neutrally as he could "you seem like a man who speaks his mind, there is no need for decorum with me as it is not my strong suit."

He felt Shinpachi sizing him up before responding, "that's what I hear Yukimura." Sanosuke bit his tongue; he knew nothing about this man other than he was friends with Toudou and Souji. This was not someone he wanted on his bad side. However the man was being deliberate in his cold attitude toward him, that much he knew to be true. He was aware that the Yukimura name was famous, but mainly because everyone was afraid of them; he wished desperately his father had not made it that way.

"Then Nagakura" he said using the man's last name. "Tell me what it is you dragged me down here and are feeding me for." His golden eyes locked onto sky blue in a silent battle of wills, each sizing the other up and each finding the other wanting. Shinpachi didn't find the man unpleasant, if anything the Yukimura heir was kind given the reputation. Then again he hadn't heard much about the sons, other than they were deadly; he knew it was mainly the father's minions he heard the stories about. It was the father's men who had traumatized him, and he still couldn't stand to look in the mirror each day, which was why he kept a bandanna by his bed. He simply couldn't stand to look at it. Every day it reminded him of his weakness and his dependence on Toudou.

"It's about your brother," he paused noting the shocked look on Sanosuke's face.

"Hajime? Has he done something?"

He shook his head, brown spikes dancing "no, Iâ€¦I want to know his intentions towards Toudou!" It came out slow then rushed as he was carried away on his emotion.

It snapped into place for Sanosuke then, of course, they had been so foolish to think they could have what they wanted without any sacrifices being made. It was true he and Hajime had to sacrifice nothing just some of their pay but they had forgotten to take into account that perhaps there were some before them. Looking into those blue eyes he knew, he saw it, the hurt and the love shining clearly through. Hajime had usurped this man's place with Toudou, that much was evident.

"You love him" Sanosuke murmured quietly, Shinpachi's eyes narrowed.

"Does it offend you?" The reply was brusque and coarse, almost defensive.

He smiled golden eyes warm "no, I am glad he has a friend like you."

"If he takes Toudou from me-"

"You will be lost?" Sanosuke finished for him. "I will speak to him, however have you thought to ask Toudou what he might want?" Sanosuke knew if this man loved Toudou, there was a good chance he was also loved by the small man. While he knew Hajime had charmed him he also knew sometimes it was possible to love two people.

Shinpachi was staring at him, mouth agape. "I mean, I guess I could. He spends so much time with your brother I took it that he would rather be with him."

"Are you still seeing him sexually Shinpachi?" Sanosuke was curious to know this; Toudou seemed quite taken with his brother and wondered if he was taken enough to abandon his interim lover.

"Sadly no" he said sighing softly "Toudou adores Hajime. I can see it in his eyes, and while he and I still hold affection for each other I do not think he would not jeopardize his forming relationship with Hajime. I haven't asked Toudou to engage with me physically since Hajime began seeing him, we have remained as friends. That is why I have to know the type of person your brother is. I won't stand for Toudou or any of my friends being hurt or broken hearted at someone's whim!" He ended angrily, surprising Sanosuke with the conviction of the statement, the underlying message didn't go unnoticed either. Any of his friends, meaning Toudou and Souji.

"He won't, we promised not to. And Hajime is gentle and kind, he isn't going to engage Toudou until the man is ready for him if that is your concern."

"It is not, but it helps lessen the worry. I am sorry to be brash however I will protect him, at all costs. I am sure you understand." Indeed Sanosuke did, all too well in fact, for he shielded Hajime just as Shinpachi did Toudou. He reached across the table and rested his hand on the other mans.

"We are not bad people Shinpachi, and we are men of our word. I know the men you have run across before have been less than kind and cruel, for that I am sorry. Hajime and I, we are different and we want to run things differently. We are not out to hurt anyone, and if you have affection for Toudou you should be free to express it, with him. Before it is too late." Shinpachi's eyes went wide as he realized the subtle message. He was being told to say his goodbyes or work out a solution.

"Thank you, Sanosuke. You are not how they say, I am very glad we spoke of this; please seek me out in the future I feel as though we are similar." And with that he was gone, leaving Sanosuke to ponder over his words while he ate his dinner in silence.

Shinpachi had left Sanosuke to his own devices, which seemed to be fine; he did need dinner and he was sure Souji would be grateful he had entertained his guest. He flopped back onto his bed, hands behind his head, and closed his eyes. Toudou had been a constant by his side, ever since the two had come to live here they had been friends; Souji had immediately been trained in a brothel position while Toudou had gone to work in the kitchens as he was too young. That's where he had first encountered him, his hair askew and mouth turned into a pout arguing with the cook. Their friendship blossomed into a relationship and he could never recall a time he had been unhappy, until now. He longed to hold Toudou, to breathe in the scent of his hair, to feel his soft kisses on his skin, but that belonged to someone else now. Hajime Yukimura was stealing his lover's heart and he didn't like it one bit. He and Toudou always were with each other, no matter who their client might be, but this was different; Toudou Heisuke was falling in love, and it wasn't with him. Yet if Shinpachi

was honest with himself he would realize that he and Toudou were never in love to begin with.

13. Chapter 13

****this chapter did not want to be written i swear! ****

****thanks for reading, please leave a review it makes me happy and keeps me going!****

Souji had indeed had a most interesting client that evening, and by interesting he meant frustrating, obnoxious, demanding, bossy and rude. Oh yes, Chikage Kazama had come to pay a visit, and it was making one Souji Okita immensely uncomfortable; if he had a top ten list of things he didn't enjoy he was pretty sure Chikage coming to see him would be in the top three. He had of course made it clear to the ruby eyed man he was not welcome, and that had stopped him for some time, until now.

"Chikage" he said smoothly, not giving away his annoyance at the man "it's been awhile."

"It has Souji, you are looking quite well" he raked his eyes appreciatively over the slightly taller man's form.

"I am well" he said, faking a smile at his former lover. "Tell me, what brings you here?"

Chikage grinned wickedly "I'm your client." That's when Souji felt the floor drop from his feet, surely he was joking. Chikage had not been to see him since they ended their relationship, oh yea he had called here and there but never actually come. He swallowed uncomfortably, if he had paid for his time then there was only one thing he wanted.

"So you are my client this evening?" He restated, just to be sure; hoping his voice wasn't wavering as much as his heart was.

"I am" he nodded, his blonde hair dancing "I figured I needed to come see you before Yukimura monopolized you."

"What do you mean?" Souji played dumb; he wondered how much Chikage knew of his relationship with Sanosuke.

"Rumor has it my dear Souji" he stepped forward, hands resting on his slim waist, mouth a hairsbreadth away from Souji's "that he intends to pay enough so that only he can see you. Doesn't that remind you of something?" He closed the distance and pressed his lips to Souji's, a jolt went through him when he felt the other man's lips move in response deepening their kiss. His hands wound around Souji's waist as he felt the other man's hands tangle in his hair, but all too soon the kiss was broken as the green eyed man broke away slowly.

"Chikage" he admonished "I never thought you one to listen to rumors."

"Is it just a rumor Souji? You seem to have a fondness for him."

"I have a fondness for all my clients" came the flippant response. Souji determined not to let Chikage know just how much the auburn headed beauty meant to him. "Besides, why don't you ask Sanosuke himself? I'm sure he would tell you."

"Ah yes" the blonde drawled, lazily running a hand down Souji's cheek. "You are a convincing little actor aren't you? Then again" he paused, cocking his head "you moaned and screamed quite readily for me." His face stung as the ringing sound of a slap echoed in the room, Souji stood there panting heavily with the exertion, adrenaline pumping through his body.

"You know better" he snarled through gritted teeth, "you know better than to make light of our relationship Chikage!"

Reeling Chikage took a step back, had Souji, his Souji just slapped him? No, the man wouldn't dare to raise a hand to him, but as he felt the sting on his face he realized he was mistaken. A rattling cough pierced the silence and he saw Souji slump over, hand covering his mouth. Slowly walking over he picked up the smaller man and carried him to bed, as he did his shirt slipped down showing his collarbones jutting out and Chikage felt a knot twist in his heart. When had Souji become so skinny? Had he always been or was his disease getting worse? Souji moved in his arms, a cough taking over his body again and he saw that his shirt was peppered with red droplets of blood. Easing the man down into bed he propped him up with pillows, murmuring reassuring words as he continued to cough. He reached for the handset by the bed to take the portable phone when he felt a hand on his.

"What are you doing?" Souji managed to gasp out between coughs.

"Calling downstairs for help Souji. The doctor needs to come up." The brunette nodded, giving his permission as Chikage left the room. He returned after informing Toshi of the problem and found Souji curled on his side asleep, shaking slightly as fever was trying to take him.

"Souji" he whispered, brushing stray hairs from the man's face. "I wish you knew how truly sorry I was for not choosing you that day. I have never stopped loving you, but I know realize you have stopped loving me. It seems we both will always cherish what we had, if only for a fleeting time."

* * *

><p>Their breathing was in rhythm to their hips, thrusting greedily into each other's bodies as their cries of pleasure mingled like a song. Souji's musical, smooth moans mixing with Chikage's rough, guttural growls in the perfect chorus of pleasure and love. Chikage reared back, sweat from his forehead dripping onto Souji's writhing form beneath him as they chased after release. Souji bucked his hips up insistently as Chikage continued to render sweet abuse on his pleasure spot, unable to take anymore Souji released in hot spurts of white onto his stomach only to feel Chikage's erratic rhythm and subsequent seething warmth inside him. Gasping for breath the lay there resting, limbs tangled in sheets that were coated in sweet.

"Never leave me" Souji whispered against the shell of Chikage's ear.

"Never" came the answering whisper as Chikage gently laid nips on the creamy white neck exposed to him. "I will never let anything come between us Souji."

"Not even-"

"No!" He said vehemently "I told you I won't be my father" his face softened as he cupped his lover's cheek. "I won't follow in his footsteps; I will make a new, a better life for us."

_All he saw were tears, he had never seen Souji cry; and yetâ€¦Those tears, squeezing their way from emerald eyes that bored into him with a hatred he had never seen. No, not hatred. Betrayal, disappointment, sadness, pain, the tears leaked out like worms abandoning a rotten apple as they streaked down his face. He didn't expect him to understand, to forgive him this; he had broken his promise and he no longer was deserving of this man's love. He made to put his arm around him but he flinched away as if he touch would eat at him like acid would eat the skin; and Chikage supposed it might. _

"Souji" he started.

"Don't Chikage" he said softly, dangerously. "You wanted a life with me but you choose otherwise, what would you have me do?"

"I would have you by my side."

"Why? So I can watch when you get cut down like your father? You'll just be another target now that you've taken over. If you hadn't you'd be safe, let someone else be in control, just step down."

"You know I can't" he said shaking his head, "I have to avenge my father."

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

"But I do want to do this."

"Then leave" he said, his eyes still streaming with tears. "Leave and never come back, you're not the man I love anymore. You're just the man who lied to me." The last thing Chikage saw of him that night was a broken man, crying as if all of his dreams had been crushed; and in a way they had. And he had been the one to do it.

* * *

><p>He bent down and kissed his former lover's forehead, wishing he could crawl into bed with him and bring him comfort. He knew he was to blame for this; he had upset the man so much it had sent him into fits. That Yukimura dog better be able to take care of him, he thought as he softly shut the door on a sleeping Souji.<p>

* * *

><p>Shinpachi was not amused, he had been walking down the hall and passed Chikage. He figured he had been to see Souji as he knew

Sanosuke was still somewhere downstairs, waiting his turn. Not wanting to intrude but curious at the same time he twisted the knob and let himself in his friend's apartment, he was met by Dr. Sannen who was hovering over Souji.<p>

"Kisuke!"

"Shinpachi" he said wiping the sweat from his brow, "I am glad you are here, I could use another set of hands." Shinpachi looked at his friend in the bed, Souji's brows were furrowed in pain, his eyes glassy and his skin cold and clammy to touch.

"Will he be ok?"

Sannen shook his head, brown hair swinging "after a few days rest. We need to cancel all his appointments."

Shinpachi's mind jumped briefly to the man he had met downstairs, he somehow knew the eldest Yukimura son was not going to take this well. Not because he would be upset about not getting laid, more so because Souji was, well, laid up. He really didn't like charity cases but maybe this one could turn out interesting, at least he could get to know one of the men involved with his friend. Or maybe he could persuade him to leave them all alone; in fact he hoped he could.

next chapter: some Hajime/Toudou goodness. i know i said they're just having dinner but anything's possible with me=)

14. Chapter 14

thank you for reading! please review=) it makes me happy happy happy!

"Hey Hajime! These are delicious!" Toudou declared, promptly shoving another rice ball into his waiting mouth enthusiastically. Hajime's cheeks reddened at the compliment as he watched the younger man continue to shovel food down his throat with reckless abandon.

"I am glad you enjoy them" he smiled as he took in the sight.

"Enjoy them? I love them! Where did you get them?"

"I made them" Toudou stopped his chewing and looked at him.

"Youâ€|made them?" He blinked his big eyes a few times in disbelief "they're incredible! You didn't tell me you could cook!" He almost sounded indignant. Hajime felt a smile tug at the corners of his mouth at his companions tone.

"I suppose you will want them more often then?"

"I tell you what" Toudou said, pointing his chopsticks at Hajime "I'll eat anything you make as often as you want to make it." Hajime chuckled as he picked up a piece of sushi and gingerly put it in his mouth, a far cry from Toudou's rather voracious way of eating. He decided that the enthusiasm in which the younger man tore into the food was best taken as a compliment, even if there was rice

everywhere.

Toudou hadn't tasted anything this good in a while, not that the cooks were bad at Elysium; just Hajime's sushi and rice balls were better. After all, home cooked food trumped anything else to him, maybe because it brought back memories. Memories of when he and Souji's mom would make dinner, Toudou would try to help but only end up making a mess and Souji would scold him mercilessly, but always with a teasing gleam in his eyes. Hajime he noted ate with grace but Toudou got the feeling everything the man did was graceful; he saw the small smile on those slim lips as he continued to feast. He made sure to leave enough for Hajime who was still eating as he leaned back and patted his now round and full stomach.

"I hope you don't mind if I continue?" Hajime asked, raising an indigo eyebrow.

"Not at all, I eat quick gomen." Toudou flushed, slightly embarrassed at his unbridled appetite, hoping it had not made him unattractive.

"I enjoyed it; you eat the same way you do everything else."

"Sloppily?"

Hajime laughed, a warm rolling sound "no, with a high degree of enthusiasm." Toudou smiled and nodded his head; he couldn't deny that was true. Though he thought he was sloppy and much preferred Hajime's take on it.

"Toudou, while I finish my meal will you tell me how you came to work here?"

"Ah, I can, but I am not sure it would interest you."

"You interest me, and I did promise you that we would converse no?"

"So you did" he admitted, conceding defeat. "I suppose now you'll want to know my life story?"

"I'll want to know whatever you want to tell me" Hajime said gently, dipping a piece of sushi into the soy sauce. He knew not to press for information, and that whatever Toudou wanted to give him would have to be enough for now. Toudou raked a hand through his hair, pulling out his hair tie and letting the chocolate brown mane fall down his back.

"Well, Souji and I came here together. It was after our parents died, I was old enough to remember though. Souji was sixteen and I was fourteen when Isami found us, we were begging on the streets; he gave us some money and told us to come to Elysium the next day. We knew of the place and figured we had nothing to lose, after they cleaned us up and fed us Souji went straight to work, he is rather attractive and so he became a whore right away." He sighed, and looked up. Hajime was shocked by his use of whore but it was accurate for what they were.

"He was scared and upset, but he put on a brave face for me; knowing

it was only a matter of time before I was one as well. I was placed in the kitchens as the runner to deliver food on the second floor, this way I would stay by my brother who also lived on the second floor. I met Shinpachi in the kitchens; I was fighting with a cook who was going to hit me when he intervened. He was older than me, and he too was working in the same capacity as Souji. We became friends, spending our free time together and he began to teach me about what he did, offering advice for when I came of age."

Hajime frowned lightly, he knew it was not unusual for a "mentor" to be in the picture; and he assumed this was Toudou's. He recalled Shinpachi, a beast of a man, beautiful and powerful in comparison to the slight and delicate boyishly good looking Toudou.

"Shinpachi, he is your lover no?" Toudou's eyes widened in surprise before his lashes came back down to hide them.

"Yes, or at least he was." He said softly, voice wavering.

"Do you still yearn for him Toudou?" Hajime asked, reaching across the table to cup the smaller man's cheek.

"Sometimes, he is also a friend and that hasn't changed."

"You know I would never forbid you to see him, even sexually."

"But it would cause you pain if I were to break the fidelity agreement." The fidelity agreement had been set for Hajime and Toudou. As long as he paid Toudou would be his and his alone sexually, but he had forgotten one important thing.

"Yes, perhaps. However I am asking you now what you want and I can alter the agreement as we see fit. Toudou, I am not just going to make demands of you without giving in return." Toudou's blue green eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he considered the proposition.

"I realize of course since we are not fully sexually engaging that I should provide you with a necessary outlet. I prefer it be with someone you trust and are comfortable with, and someone you also desire." Hajime stated, putting it in the blandest terms he could think of.

"Then yes, I would like to continue to see Shinpachi, but only when you do not have need for me. He is my best friend and also my mentor in all things about sex, perhaps he can help me so that when we are intimate I will be able to please you properly."

"Toudou, everything about you pleases me. Thank you for your honesty, I won't lie I am jealous of the man but not without understanding." He said softly, trying not to betray his wounded pride. He felt a small hand on his.

"Hajime. The fact that you are willing to do this shows me the kind of person you are, and makes me care for you more. When you are ready for me I will do my best to please you completely. You have come to mean a lot to me Hajime Yukimura" he got up and slowly came to sit on Hajime's lap. Pressing his lips against the taller man's he settled into a searing kiss as he turned to straddle him.

"It doesn't always have to be about pleasure" Hajime whispered into

his ear. Toudou nuzzled his neck gently.

"I know, but it is how I show my affection, and right now I want to show it to you." He took Hajime's hand and brought it to his crotch, allowing him to feel the hardness that was building there.

"Look what you do to me Hajime" he murmured as he unbuttoned his pants, allowing his semi-hard length to spring free. Hajime gently palmed it bring it to life as Toudou moaned into his mouth. Rolling his hips slightly Toudou felt Hajime's member rub against his and worked to unbutton his lover's pants. Opening the fly he coaxed the thick length out, as he rolled his hips again he felt their erections brush each other. Hajime's head titled back giving Toudou the perfect view of the man's throat, he nibbled on it gently as he brushed their erections together again, twitching with the created friction.

"Move your hips Hajime, pretend you are riding me" came the soft command. Hajime found he could do nothing else as he bucked his hips upward, feeling his dick rub across the velvety softness of Toudou's weeping organ. He moaned as he bucked up again in rhythm to the steady roll of Toudou's slim hips.

"Fuck, yes" the smaller man murmured into his ear as he began to pump around the warm heat. He felt Toudou's hand wrap around his own hardened member in response as the two men began to chase their orgasms together. He felt the roll of hips, the moans into his mouth, nips on his neck and shoulder, hand in his hair, nails on his back as Toudou bucked and writhed on top of him. He felt his own release deep in his groin aching to come to completion, his head fell back as his toes began to tingle and he felt his balls tighten. With a yell he sprayed sticky white fluid onto his stomach and Toudou's hand, his mouth was immediately covered by another as Toudou forcefully kissed him, milking his orgasm as it continued to come out in spurts. He felt the younger man stiffen and then elicit a low moan as he felt his seed splash onto his chest and coat his hand, panting Toudou leaned his head onto his shoulder as he recovered. Their bodies stay entangled for a few moments, the smell of sweat and sex encompassing them like a glove, before Toudou stood up and taking Hajime's hand led him to the shower.

After a quick and uneventful shower the two men lay curled up in each other on the couch, Hajime leaning back with Toudou position between his legs using he chest as the back of a chair. Hajime was running his hands through the fall of brown hair contentedly as Toudou perused the channels for something to watch.

"You gonna stay the night?"

"If you'd like me to."

"I would" was the simple answer. Hajime reached for his phone to text his brother, but found a text already waiting for him.

**Will be staying here. Something's wrong with Souji, don't want to leave him alone. **

He quickly texted back and snaked his arms around Toudou.

"Sano said we are staying, he said there is something wrong with your brother."

* * *

><p>Sanosuke knew it probably wasn't the correct procedure but he didn't care. Souji hadn't come down to get him or to even find him, and he couldn't shake the nagging feeling something was up; he knew if the man hadn't wanted to see him he would have made it clear. Souji and his brother he knew lived on the second floor and so he took the stairs two at a time up toward his room, stopping in front of the already slightly open door. Peering in he saw the back of Dr. Sannen and the man he had just been speaking to, Shinpachi, hovering over Souji's bed.<p>

"Souji!" He quickly made his way to the bed that held his lover. Souji was asleep, coughs rattling his body leaving a thin trail of blood from the side of his mouth. He knelt down beside him, his face even with the sleeping man's, looking up into Dr. Sannen's face his eyes pleading.

"Sanosuke" he heard Shinpachi say quietly "you weren't supposed to see this. I am sorry." He felt a big hand on his shoulder and heard the sincerity in Shinpachi's voice.

"How long?" He asked, unable to grasp the full situation. He heard Dr. Sannen let out a small sigh.

"He has been battling this for years, it could be anytime but this is worse than usual."

"It's because of that Kazama bastard" he heard Shinpachi growl.

"Chikage? He was here?" Sanosuke asked, what did Chikage want with Souji?

"Yea, upset him too. He took to his bed right after." He noticed Dr. Sannen giving Shinpachi a meaningful look before he could say more. Sanosuke pressed a kiss to Souji's forehead and took his hand that was hot and sweaty.

"Are either of you going to tell me what he has? Or should I start guessing?" He was getting tired of not being told the truth, he knew the men were keeping something from him and he didn't much care all he wanted to know was what was wrong with Souji.

"He has Tuberculosis" the doctor said "we have tried everything on the market but it won't leave him fully. He has had it for years as I said."

"This can kill him? Isn't it usually curable?" Sanosuke asked in disbelief, he knew of Tuberculosis or TB as it was called. He also knew that most cases were curable or at least treatable with drugs.

"We tried the typical drug therapy, prescribed for six months of Isoniazid, Rifampin, Ethambutol and Pyranzimide but it never worked and if anything made it worse. We consulted with natural health doctors, flew to renowned hospitals. The only thing we have found is that this strain has never been seen before and instead of being bacterial in nature it is viral."

"Viral" he said the word slowly, viral TB would be impossible to cure.

"As you know viruses live in the nerve ganglia and are triggered at certain times or conditions for the host, thus one can never be fully rid of a virus they just learn to live with it. In Souji's case he has learned to live with it, but each time it weakens him considerably."

"Doctor" Sanosuke turned to face the bespectacled man "how much time does he have left?"

"Not much, I am sorry Sanosuke." He looked into the warm hazel eyes of the young doctor as he felt tears sting his own.

"Thank you for your honesty. I can watch him tonight if you two need a break, I would like to stay." The doctor nodded approvingly and he felt Shinpachi's hand on his shoulder assuring him that he would be back later. When the two men had left he quickly texted Hajime and crawled into bed with Souji, holding the man flush against his chest murmuring words of comfort to the sweat drenched man.

Just a note on TB, yes I am making stuff up, no there isn't a viral deadly TB as far as I know. Thats not to say it cannot happen just that it's not currently in existence. The drugs mentioned above do constitute the typical drug therapy used to treat and cure TB.

Next chappie: In Souji and possibly Sano's head. Maybe Kyo Shiranui will make an appearance.

Review please!

15. Chapter 15

Many thanks to Fuusunshine for beta'ing this chapter

* * *

><p>And when you left you kissed my lips**

You told me you would never forget these images

Well, I'd never want to see you unhappy

I thought you'd want the same for me

So this was deathâ€¦|..

He was floating, no, more like gently falling. The air around him was like the sweet caress of a lover's embrace, almost as if it was apologizing for what it was doing. He didn't think all of that was necessary; it wasn't the winds fault he was dying. He relaxed in the warm embrace as he gave himself to it. Slowly he floated downward and was carefully set on a rather plush bed, opening his eyes he took in his surroundings. They looked startling familiar, and as he realized exactly why he felt his heart beat a bit faster.

"Souji" he heard a soft voice say, turning he saw the tall lithe form of a man in the doorway but was unable to make out who it was. The figure appeared to relax and glided toward him, as the light hit the man he could make out the blonde fall of hair and ruby red eyes, the mouth in a crooked smile. He felt a smile tug at his own lips as he noticed the man walking toward him was completely naked, his athletic body exposed. The set of his shoulders firm, his muscle roiled with him as he walked, taunt and rippling, everything thing about him was breathtaking. Yes, Souji decided he was dead and if this was heaven that was perfectly fine with him. The blonde didn't say another word but warmly embraced him and began to kiss him earnestly, as if he couldn't get enough. Moaning against the other man's soft mouth Souji nestled his head on his shoulder.

"I apologize but I am very tired. We will need to go slow." A knowing smile danced across his partner's face.

"I understand" he said softly, traced a thumb from Souji's jaw to chin, "we will go slow." Souji relaxed into his arms as he felt himself held by his lover's strong ones. Carefully he was laid down and he felt his clothing being removed as fingers ghosted all over his burning body. He felt the press of lips into his neck and moaned despite himself.

"Make love to me" he murmured and he felt a hot mouth latch onto his, he tasted dusk and amber as his mouth was slowly and tantalizingly plundered. His body felt hot, so hot yet it wanted this, it wanted this heat in him. He ground his hips into the body above him and heard a warm rolling laugh that made him smile. He ran his hands down his lover's back and over the firm bottom, cupping it with his hands he pulled the man closer to him. He felt a sigh shudder through the frame above him, and more demanding kisses pressed against his warm flesh.

"Are you sure?"

"I told you I am" he peered up through his lashes lazily and he felt his lover's resolve weaken and then die out completely as his mouth was taken with a hungry insistence. He felt a hardness pressing against him and smirked as he opened his legs and felt his partner enter him slowly. Moaning as his entrance was breeched he wrapped his legs around the other man's waist as they began a slow rocking motion on their journey to ecstasy.

He had been shocked when Souji had asked him to make love to him, yet he found he couldn't say no to the man. He had been all but attacked when the man turned in his arms and insistently kissed him, hands wandering on his body in the most delicious way. He had tried to stop his growing arousal but then Souji had all but commanded him to do something much more productive with it and so he had complied, he felt the tight heat as he entered the fevered body below him; marveling at Souji who still managed to be ethereally beautiful even in his sick state. He felt the slender legs wrap around his waist as moan after moan escaped from the man's lips, the sheen of fever induced sweat on his brow he was careful to not let him move around too much. With more care than he had previously used on the man they found a slow, smooth rocking almost lazy rhythm. The green eyes cracked open slightly and he felt Souji's hand on the back of his neck, forcing him to deepen kiss, moaning against his mouth the fevered man bucked his body up harder. Sanosuke responded by pinning

his hips down, he didn't want Souji wiggling around in his state , he continued the slow undulations of his pelvis as the man beneath him whimpered and moaned as he slowly came undone.

"Souji" he whispered as he brushed the man's sweaty bangs from his face and kissed his forehead. Souji let out a small moan in response to the touch and Sanosuke smiled as he continued his ministrations. Carefully pistoning in and out of Souji, who arched his hips in response, the wanton moans falling from the brunette's lips, let him know he was hitting all the right spots. He felt Souji's warm hands grab his hips urgently; felt the hot wetness of his mouth on his as frantically Souji clung to him in the throes of passion, letting his head fall back, sweat droplets flying as his body shuddered and shook with release.

"Chikage!" It came out as something between a moan and a yell, and stopped Sanosuke cold. He held the other man as the sticky fluid decorated his stomach, as he rode out his orgasm and then he carefully withdrew. Unable to continue, he saw he was shaking and his erection was slowly and painfully becoming soft. He went to the bathroom and cleaned himself up; wetting a towel he went to Souji and began to clean his abdomen.

"Chikage" he heard him murmur in his fever induced haze "Chikage." He said again, grabbing Sanosuke's hand. Auburn brows shot up in surprise and Sanosuke stilled.

"Chikage, don't leave me again." Again? He bristled at being called Chikage and the fact that Souji was ill, fevered and probably having some weird dream wasn't making the situation any better. He figured lucid sick state was probably close to being drunk, and when you were drunk you said the truth of the matter. Which meant in this case Souji wanted Chikage, but what did Chikage have to do with any of this? Shaking his head in annoyance he finished cleaning the man off and smiled at the sound of his light snoring. He was asleep, which meant he could leave unnoticed. He had to know what that damn Kazama had to do with Souji, he wasn't sure if he should be pissed or sad that his lover had cried out someone else's name while climaxing. It made him feel dirty, and part of him wanted to drag Chikage out and beat him bloody. Souji had asked him to make love to him, yet had someone else in mind entirely, that revelation was extremely painful to him especially given how attached to him Souji had been acting. Acting, wasn't that what this all was? Making the client feel wanted and loved, were any of these people here capable of really loving someone or was it just a game? No, it appeared Souji did love someone, it simply wasn't him. It was Chikage, that smug, beautiful bastard. He wrung the towel out before draping it over the shower bar to dry and leaned back against the wall with a heavy sigh. He was pissed it was Chikage but sad because it wasn't him, pissed because Souji didn't desire him the way he did the other man. He instinctively knew there was more to their story than this, and he was determined to find out what he was up against in the battle for Souji's heart.

Not wanting to bother his brother, who was with Toudou he tried to rack his brain until he remembered Shinpachi. He was good friends with the brothers, maybe he would know of their history; quickly taking the staircase to the first floor he was pleased when the people at the front told him where Shinpachi was and that he was currently not with a client. Hurriedly Sanosuke took the stairs two

at a time to the sixth floor, coming to stop outside the room he was told was Shinpachi's. Knocking he was surprised when the door opened of its own accord; he let himself in calling the man's name. Hearing no response he stepped in further and heard voices, calling the man's name again this time but louder and he heard the voices stop and saw the bedroom door open. Looking up he was rewarded with the wonderful sight of a half-naked Shinpachi but his blood ran cold when behind him he saw the familiar high inky blue ponytail of Kyo Shiranui. Before anyone had time to say a word Sanosuke had pushed Shinpachi aside and latched his lips onto Kyo's already kiss swollen ones.

* * *

><p>"Is it done?" Koudou asked calmly, white smoke escaping from between his dry lips as he spoke. The man nodded in response.<p>

"You have exceeded my expectations, and for that you will be rewarded handsomely. Please know I appreciate your cooperation and effort in this." He smiled, but it wasn't really a smile more of the grin of someone who had nothing but evil on his mind.

"Anything for you" the smooth voice of the other man intoned, before shutting the door softly leaving Koudou to his own thoughts.

His two darling sons must think him stupid, neither had told him about their frequent visits to the brothel but he knew. He also knew who they were seeing, and while he did not care about Hajime and Toudou's relationship he definitely did not approve of Sanosuke and Souji's. After all, he mused, he couldn't have his son with the ex-lover of Chikage Kazama. It would only cause trouble between him and Chikage, and that was something he already had in spades; not to mention Sanosuke's own ex-lover worked for Kazama himself. What, he pondered, was his eldest son thinking? He knew Sanosuke wasn't as intuitive as Hajime but he certainly had never known him to be downright stupid. Of course he had taken matters into his own hands; this was an important time after all. Puffing gently on the white powdery substance, feeling the familiar warmth fill his lungs he leaned back. He was satisfied for the moment that he had taken care of the problem and hoped he wouldn't have to drag Hajime's relationship in it simply because he was fucking Souji's brother.

Sanosuke had always been more headstrong than Hajime, constantly trying to protect his delicate younger brother from the world. Hajime in turn was not as fragile as Sanosuke thought and was finally starting to show that he was indeed strong. His two sons had different types of strength, Sanosuke was strong physically, brash and outspoken whereas Hajime was soft-spoken, fluid, and had an incredible mind. He puffed on his pipe, drawing strength as he inhaled; it was soon going to be Hajime's turn to protect Sanosuke he hoped the younger son was up to the challenge. Tapping the side into the ashtray the remains of the drug fell out, now a gray color. Koudou smiled to himself, he would end this love affair with Souji sooner than later, it wouldn't do to have a Yukimura dating Kazama's trash.

**next: what kind of frustrated rowdiness does Sanosuke have in mind?
**

16. Chapter 16

Many thanks to my rockin' beta Fuusunshine for her work and suggestions...and patience=)

Mangopudding-oh my. wait till you see what the contents of Souji's heart really are. And I agree that was cruel of me, but necessary.

Fuu-thank you!

Fatrock-You are too kind, thank you so much!

Alexokerry-Oh yea, he's definitely about to do something stupid. Poor angry Sanosuke

_Below my soul I'm feeling injured. Collapsing as it sees the pain. If only you could save me I'm drowning in the waters of myself. _

Shinpachi watched as Sanosuke pulled Kyo into a bruising embrace, the smaller man squeaking slightly, surprised at the sudden contact. He was speechless, this wasn't the man he had met, this was an animal. As if to confirm that statement Sanosuke looked up at him, challenging him; golden eyes glinting ferally. Kyo looked dazed as his head was pulled by his ponytail, Sanosuke behind him biting down on his neck, golden eyes met bright blue and Shinpachi understood. He was angry, upset, pissed beyond all logical reason and he could only think of one reason the stoic man could be this riled up and it started with an S and ended in ouji. He felt himself oddly turned on as he watched the scene unfolding before him, Kyo was cradled gently in Sanosuke's arms as the auburn haired man attacked his neck and tanned shoulder with his mouth, his inky haired lover was moaning wantonly at the forceful ministrations. Kyo shifted in Sanosuke's arms, turning to face him as he brought their mouths together hungrily, hands fisting auburn locks as he fought for dominance. Sanosuke's hands snaked down his slender body and roughly grabbed his ass, pulling him toward him, grinding against him, he felt his pants become tighter as those gold eyes locked with his own; daring him.

Shinpachi wasn't one to back down, especially when Kyo was involved. He knew of their history, and he knew that both men still carried a spot for the other in their heart. Their parting, Kyo said, had been tearful, hard but amicable, eventually settling into a sort of rivalry between the two men. He had left Sanosuke because he was working for the Kazama's, yet he never said why he made that choice and Shinpachi never pressed him. He was content to enjoy this man and all he had to offer, knowing that little by little he was melting the ice off the frozen heart that beat inside that chest. A moan from Kyo snapped him back to reality as he saw Sanosuke cupping his member through his clothes, he was gently guiding him to the bed and he knew if he didn't step in he would be watching him take his lover; something he wasn't about to let happen. He didn't blame Kyo, Sanosuke was gorgeous and the two had history, but if that delicious man was going to get naked in his bedroom he was going to make damn sure he enjoyed it too. Stepping over to the bed he roughly yanked Sanosuke off Kyo and grinned; fiery golden eyes met his and glimmered in acknowledgement and agreement. There was no going back

now.

Quickly removing his pants he settled himself behind Kyo, pulling the man down on top of him. Violet eyes flashed apology but he quickly dispelled that with softer touches and nipped at those bruised lips. Sanosuke set to work on Kyo's pants and his own, a blush colored Kyo's pretty cheeks as he realized what was happening in his dazed state. Murmuring softly he twisted in Shinpachi's arms, coming to kneel with him looking into his eyes his hand gently cupped the larger man's cheek. He kissed him tenderly then, his eyes saying what he could not. Warmth and love swirled in those violet depths as he met his lover's sky blue eyes, Shinpachi groaned and crushed Kyo to his chest and then felt another presence. Sanosuke was embracing Kyo from behind and his arms were long enough to hold Shinpachi even if just slightly. The wild look in his eyes had faded slightly but was still there, bubbling just below the surface. Nibbling on Kyo's tan shoulder he broke the embrace and pushed the man gently to the side before guiding Shinpachi's face to his and slowly kissing him. Blue eyes went wide as he felt the hot mouth on his, and gently he felt the flick of a tongue against his lips, instinct took over and he opened for the intruder who tasted of amber and honey. Raising his hips up he felt rough hands slide down his torso and come to rest on his weeping cock. Sanosuke began to trace the underside of him with just one finger, following the thick vein that led up to the head. He cocked his head, amber hair falling over his face, observing Shinpachi as he whined low in his throat with pleasure.

"Please" Sanosuke choked out, his voice rough and sad. Shinpachi nodded and he saw Kyo move in closer, holding a bottle of lube. This wasn't going to be making love this was going to be fucking, pure and simple fucking. It was painfully obvious Sanosuke was upset, what about would probably remain a mystery, and Shinpachi hoped they wouldn't regret this. Yet, these two beautiful men were naked, in his room and it seemed a waste to not let them have their way with him. He opened his legs for Sanosuke meeting his gaze as he did so, and not breaking it Sanosuke coated two fingers and eased them inside of Shinpachi's entrance. He moaned when he felt how tight his soon to be partner was and gently rocked his fingers in him, curling them slightly, searching for his sweet spot. Kyo had moved to lie next to Shinpachi and began kissing him, nibbling on his earlobe and tweaking his nipples. Shinpachi let out a groan as Sanosuke hit the spot he was searching for, grinning he trailed his fingers up Kyo's side until the man turned to peer at him from under his heavy fringe of lashes, he placed two fingers in his mouth and Kyo sucked greedily. Once he was sure they had been coated enough he gently pressed into Kyo's entrance, now he had both men writhing on the bed. It was a sight that made him feel as though his cock weighed a thousand pounds as he watched the two paw at each other his fingers in each man. Shinpachi's eyes had become hazy, their vivid blue darkening and Kyo's had become vibrant with lust, their lips clashed and fought as hands tangled in hair and they bucked their hips in rhythm to his finger fucking them. Both men moaning and demanding release as they broke contact to look at him, feeling that it was his signal he moved to coat himself with the lube Kyo had grabbed.

Shinpachi and Kyo's eyes were on him, he knew that. The last thing these two probably expected was him to barge in here and have a threesome, not that he cared, at this point he didn't care about much. He wanted release, he wanted to pound into something hard and make it his bitch; he was done being tender and nice. He positioned

himself between Shinpachi's thighs and the man tilted his hips to give him better access, Kyo rose up to meet him in a passionate kiss as he impaled Shinpachi. Groaning as he felt the tight warmth enclose his shaft he began to pump in and out of the man, not giving him time to adjust. He reached down between those sinful ink blue curls as he began to stroke Kyo's erection while riding Shinpachi. Kyo moaned into his mouth and broke away, he reached for the lube a mischievous spark in his eyes, and he poured a rather generous amount onto Shinpachi's straining cock. Giving Sanosuke his trademark half smile he straddled the larger man while kissing Sanosuke and slowly lowered himself down, crying out slightly as he was invaded. Shinpachi, unable to hold back any longer snapped his hips up brutally into Kyo, earning him a strangled cry from the smaller man. Sanosuke embraced him tightly while he continued to thrust into the warm body beneath him, his eyes met Shinpachi's as the latter snaked an arm around Kyo's waist, lowering him so that he was lying on him. Kyo's hair tumbled free as he was guided down, the dark blue waves dancing about his lust strained face, his mouth seeking Shinpachi's hungrily and Sanosuke was once again treated to an incredible sight. In this position Kyo lay on his back on top of Shinpachi with his legs spread and Sanosuke could not only see Shinpachi's dick entering and leaving Kyo's body, but beneath that his own pounding into Shinpachi's tight hole. He eased himself down over the two men holding himself upright, not breaking his rhythm as he felt his mouth claimed by Kyo, who kissed him with wild abandon he felt Shinpachi's lips press against the inside of his arm as both men lavied attention on him. He reached his other hand down to Kyo's crotch and his eyes flew open as he realized Shinpachi's was already there, breaking from the kiss with his ex-lover he saw a smirk on the brunette's face. He rested his hand on top of Shinpachi's as the both pumped Kyo, attempting to bring their love to his peak.

Shinpachi was the first to cum, with a guttural growl he bit down on Kyo's neck breaking the skin as a trickle of blood ran down the gentle curve of his collarbone. His body stiffened and toes curled as he emptied his seed into his lover, he drew the violet eyed beauty in for a tender kiss and he and Sanosuke palmed him together in unison. He felt Kyo's body began to shake and convulse and knew he was near completion, picking up the pace he felt Sanosuke's hand on his as Kyo began to buck wildly with need. With an obscene squelch he heard Sanosuke leave his body and knew he had entered Kyo's as the man cried out. Leaning over Kyo's shoulder Sanosuke roughly met Shinpachi's lips in a hard kiss before going back to work pumping into Kyo. Shinpachi was immediately drawn into a lust frenzied liplock by Kyo as Sanosuke drove into his pleasure spot over and over earning a loud howl of completion as Kyo released his hot cum in large spurts. Rolling down his side and onto Shinpachi while also spraying Sanosuke in the chest Kyo reached his finish. At the sight of his former lover in the throes of passion Sanosuke felt the familiar uncoiling in his groin as his orgasm overtook him. Riding Kyo for all he was worth his hips began to twitch erratically before finally allowing him to release his seething warmth into the lithe body below him. With a drawn out groan he thrust a few more times and shuddered as he emptied the last of himself. Groaning he pulled out and watched his and Shinpachi's cum snake down Kyo's thigh. He gave a small sigh and moved to head to the bathroom, he was followed by Shinpachi.

"I hope you know what you're doing Yukimura" the brunette said quietly. "He never has gotten over you" he jerked his head toward the

bedroom.

"I know" Sanosuke admitted quietly. "And I will always love him, but this wasn't intentional."

"That much I know, but now that it's been done you need to consider the consequences." Shinpachi said, not unkindly.

"I don't want to hurt or be hurt" Sanosuke stammered out. Shinpachi grabbed him into a hug as he felt hot tears on his shoulder. They stayed there for an unknown amount of time as Shinpachi held Sanosuke and let him cry. Sanosuke was not just crying for Souji, but for Kyo, for what he had done and who he had hurt. He cried for Kazama's father who was the whole reason he lost Kyo and he cried for still loving the man. He cried for Souji, and the fact he could never replace Chikage to him; and he cried because his heart was shattered into pieces.

17. Chapter 17

****As always thank you to my lovely beta fuusunshine for her encouragement and corrections****

****mangopudding-he is a good person, promise!****

Isami slowly entered the room, his feet barely making a sound on the tiled floor as he peeked into the office, as expected he found Toshi there. His shoulders hunched over and black hair pulled up into a high ponytail the slender man was working furiously on something, the sound a pen scratching on paper reached his ears. Suddenly letting out a frustrated sigh he flung a piece of paper to the floor as if the devil himself had touched it. He put his head in his hands while his brows furrowed in annoyance; he eyes squeezed shut to prevent tears from falling. Isami wrapped his hands around the smaller man's shoulder as he embraced him from behind. Souji and Toshi were friends, from the second Souji had arrived the green eyed prankster had held a special spot in Toshi's heart, and Isami's as well. Souji, it seemed, had that effect on people.

"It won't work" Toshi said through gritted teeth. Isami continued rubbing his back in small, and what he hoped soothing, circles.

"No matter how I try the money won't come out right" he continued, not lifting his head from his hand.

"We will find a way, we have to" Isami breathed, unsure of what to say to the stressed raven haired man.

"How? At least before Souji could contribute but now" he choked slightly as he fought down a sob "now he's living on borrowed time according to Sannen. And the others make enough to contribute but not like he did."

"Then we will have to think of some way for them to get more clients, and maybe raise the prices slightly?"

Toshi let out a defeated sigh, "if we raise the prices we will have to offer them something more Isami, and we are already at our limit."

"What about a fundraiser? Or some sort of special event where we can charge a cover price plus a fee for the employees?" Toshi looked thoughtful, turning around he regarded Isami wearily.

"What did you have in mind?"

"I'm not entirely sure, but usually when our employees get "clients" they stay with them until the client has decided to move on or has no further need of them. Perhaps if we mixed it upâ€¦" he trailed off, lost in thought. Toshi looked at him curiously, he may be the master at finances but Isami was incredibly adept at plans; maybe he would come up with something after all.

"Why don't I think on it more after a good night's sleep with my love?" The brunette man smiled down at him and it radiated warmth into Toshi's tired body. Capturing the violet eyed man in a warm embrace he lifted him gently and carried him to the bed. Too tired to protest Toshi nuzzled into his neck as he relaxed in the strong arms of the brunette.

"Arigato Isami, where would I be without you?" He heard the rumble of the other man's laughter as he answered.

"Maybe somewhere better, maybe somewhere worse; but Toshi I know one thing. I would be utterly lost without you." His grip loosened as he laid his partner on their bed, slowly easing him out of his clothes; and gently undoing his thick mane of black hair. Once freed it tumbled down his shoulders and flowed down his back in striking contrast to his pale skin and sharp violet eyes. Quickly shedding his own clothing Isami lay down beside his worn out lover, gently kissing his thin lips. Cradling him in his arms he pulled the covers over them and drifted off into sleep; an idea already forming in his mind.

Toudou had been inconsolable and understandably so. Hajime had not left his side since he had come to Souji's room with him. He was surprised to find that his brother wasn't there watching over the man like he had expected him to be, in a way maybe it was good and gave Toudou space to be alone with him. Thumbing through the channels he re-positioned himself on the couch, he had tried to leave but his vibrant eyed lover wouldn't let him, and he understood and was secretly glad that for once he could do something for him. The weeks truly had flown by and he had grown rather fond of the smaller man, his smile that could light up a whole room, the spark in his eyes, sway in his hips, his beautiful laugh and his good heart. If only he could be with him forever he would truly know the happiness that had eluded him for so long. Shifting his legs he looked up as an exhausted Toudou padded into the room, reaching out and taking the man by his slender wrist he pulled him into his lap.

"Sleep Toudou" he whispered, kissing the back of the man's head.

"Haji-chan" he sighed, leaning back against the indigo haired man. Hajime lightly stroked his arm as he nestled further into his embrace.

"He kept saying a name in his sleep Hajime" he said softly, and with a note of sadness, "it was Chikage." Hajime stiffened, so that was

probably why Sanosuke was nowhere to be found, and if he knew his brother he was off sulking somewhere. Letting out a puff of breath he tightened his hold on Toudou.

"If it was you in that bed, what name would you be calling?" he asked, his voice low and serious. He had to know, if after all this time his feelings were returned as something clenched in his chest.

Toudou tilted his head back, looking into violet depths with his green-blue eyes. "I wouldn't be calling any name." Hajime felt his heart drop, and then a soft hand found his rough one.

"Because I know Haji-chan would be right there beside me" his smile, Hajime saw, was reaching his eyes. Finally he thought, lowering his head to taste Toudou's lips.

Toudou cracked his eyes open as the sunlight assaulted him through the thick curtains, rolling over he burrowed deeper into Hajime's chest only to find the man was not there. Startled he sat up and saw a piece of paper on the coffee table, snatching it up he quickly opened it.

Toudou

_Found Sano, will explain later. _

See you tonight.

Hajime

He smiled to himself, content that his lover had thought to let him know; and wondered where Sanosuke had been. The auburn haired man wouldn't leave his brother's side and now up and vanished, something was surely going on and he knew it had to do with Souji calling out for Chikage in his fever induced haze.

Hajime had found Sano, but not in the way he was expecting, a text late in the night that he read that morning had him dashing out of the door save to scribble a note to Toudou. Sano's cryptic one sentence message had him worried, his brother rarely became upset but when he said he fucked up he meant it. Warily Hajime drove to their shared apartment, worried of what he might find.

Swiftly entering he found Sanosuke draped across the couch, his eyes unfocused and hair a mess. His brother's eyes met his for a moment before they dropped to the floor. Hajime knelt down beside him, not speaking but waiting.

"I didn't mean to" Sanosuke whispered "I don't know what came over me." Hajime tucked a stray piece of auburn hair behind his brother's ear.

"Didn't mean to what?"

"It only happened because he couldn't stop saying his name!" He got out through gritted teeth. "He told me to make love to him Hajime!" He looked up, his golden eyes glimmering with tears. Hajime nodded, knowing not to interrupt him once his tirade started.

"He told me to make love to him" he repeated, tears falling freely. "But when he came, he yelled out that Kazama's fucking name instead of mine! I was so pissed, I couldn't figure out what was going on so I went to see Shinpachi; thinking maybe he knew something." Hajime thought that a good move, seeing as Shinpachi was friends with both brothers. "I went there, but Shinpachi was thereâ€¦with Kyo. They were in a compromising situation and I sort of, intruded and included myself." Hajime thought he was going to faint, was his brother telling him what he thought he was?

"So, you had an intimate affair with Kyo and Shinpachi?" He asked softly, keeping the judgment out of his voice; after all Souji did scream Chikage's name in his moment of ecstasy. Somehow it almost justified Sano's actions, almost. He knew his brother was loose cannon in matters of the heart, his breakup with Kyo had damn near destroyed the city as Sanosuke had gone on a drinking and fucking rampage. How many nights had he heard his brother drunk and in the throes of passion with yet another nameless faceless person. In turn how many mornings had he dragged his brother, who reeked of booze, into the shower and made the strongest coffee he knew how? No, this wasn't going to happen again, it couldn't, Sanosuke's heart couldn't take it. But why of all people did Kyo have to be there, he knew his brother's heart was at war with itself and there was nothing he could do. His heart ached as he reached for his distraught sibling.

"Oh Sano" he said, wrapping his arms around his older brother in comfort. He knew his sibling was falling for Souji but somewhere in his heart his love for Kyo still burned brightly. Instead of finding a solution to the problem Sanosuke had only succeeded in entrenching himself into his tangled emotions more deeply.

"What do I do Hajime? Do I pretend like it never happened and live with the guilt or do I tell Souji and selfishly make him deal with it too? And Kyo, oh god poor Kyo what the fuck have I done?" He hung his head in his hands.

"Honestly, I do not know" Hajime shook his head, indigo hair swaying. "Why don't you wait until Souji gets better to tell him? He is in no state right now to be told much of anything." That much was true, and it would buy Sano some time to come to grips. Hajime chewed thoughtfully on the inside of his cheek; maybe he should talk to Toudou or Shinpachi and see why exactly Souji had called out CHikage's name. It was clear they were lovers but the bond must have been incredibly strong, and one of love. Love, he thought, love was what he knew he felt for the spunky brown haired man. He looked at his brother who looked like he had been run over by a bulldozer.

"Come on Sano, let's clean you up before you go face your demons, maybe talk to Shinpachi first, after all I would bet this sort of thing isn't new to him." he said not unkindly. Sanosuke only nodded in response, but allowed himself to be led off the couch and toward the bathroom.

Koudou had a lapful of Sannen as his hands roamed up and down the slim body, the brunette's eyes regarding him warmly. Sannen had just come from Elysium and had told him of Isami and Toshi's plan, it was perfect he thought. Sannen had done just what he was to do and now Souji would no longer be a burden to him, the next thing was to join his forces with Kazama's. He knew the brat would never stand for it,

so he would have to twist his arm and sure enough something perfect for that purpose had fallen into his lap. He had never expected Sanosuke to get so damn angry and upset over the whore but he had, and in turn had done something rather reckless. Yet, if he could spin this rather curious turn of events to his favor he may be able to control both Yukimura and Kazama interests, doubling his influence. He knew of Kyo and his son's past, and was well aware of the unrequited and unfinished business they had with each other, somehow he would make sure this turned in his favor.

As for Hajime's lover, he was going to become a nuisance; he had his gentler son tamed. Somehow he was going to make sure he was not a bother either. The only reason he had to really intervene in this relationship was his relation to Souji, that and the man was smarter than he looked; already catching Sannen in some rather delicate situations. Luckily everyone trusted the good doctor wholeheartedly, a thing which had saved them many times.

The smoke curled out from his lip, they had been working to perfect it and they damn near had. The smoke was pure white, and tasted of roses when inhaled, in addition he had many people hooked on it. They came to him day and night for the drug, for the feeling and the high. Sannen's hands stroked him gently, coaxing an orgasm from the man as his seed dirtied the brunette's delicate hands. Yes, this was the life he wanted, sitting at the top. However, if he had bothered to open his unseeing eyes he would have noticed that he was not sitting at the top, but rather the very bottom. Slowly slipping off him Sannen made his way to the door, his face sad as he made his quiet escape.

****review please they make me so happy!****

18. Chapter 18

****mango- now now, you and I both know Souji is smarter than eh acts.****

****thanks as always to my beta fuusunshine whose input and honesty this would be impossible without****

He wasn't one to dwell on things, but the activities of the night before had worn him out both physically and mentally. He knew of the history between Kyo and Sanosuke, Kyo had taken him as a lover shortly before the Yukimura's had graced the establishment and he had grown rather fond of the blue haired man. Kyo worked for the Kazama's, whose family had maintained a fairly impressive reputation in the underworld, until the Yukimura's cruelly one upped them. At first there was peace, the two families minded their own business and stayed in their own territories, but then Koudou Yukimura had grown greedy. He had told his eldest son, Sanosuke to murder the current head of the Kazama clan. It was then a deep chasm of darkness had opened between Kyo and Sanosuke, Kyo never truly forgave the auburn haired man for murdering his boss and rightly so, thus ended their association with each other. The blood on Sanosuke's hands belonged to someone his lover had thought of as a father figure, and for all intensive purposes was.

What the violet eyed gun slinger had told his lover had never left the room and he doubted if even Chikage knew the depth of devotion

Kyo possessed for his family. Kyo, a street rat who had run away from his mother and never knowing his father fought to live. He fought in underground arenas where greatness was measured by the amount of blood you spilled. It so happened that Uri Kazama frequented this area and the sight of the inky haired vibrant eyed youth had caught his attention, not because he was an exceptional fighter but because he had gumption. He had later told Kyo that his interest in had been because he would never give up, no matter how insurmountable the odds seemed and he had to wonder why. This is why one night, after a rather exciting match, he decided to sit the young fighter down and learn the truth. Kyo told him that he and his mother had been abandoned by his father before he was even born, she struggled in odd jobs to make ends meet and once he was born she got an offer from the local whorehouse. Unable to financially refuse the offer and she had agreed; taking Kyo with her. Once there she worked long hours and was always tired leaving him to his own devices. He used to wander around and visit with the various staff members until they came, the Yukimura men. He was in their room while his mother was with another client and the two were out on the town as he simply required an escort for an event. He was quietly reading on the bed when the door had burst open, they asked angrily where she was and he stated he didn't know but that she was working. They snarled at him, something about her owing them money and then began to ransack the room. He screamed at them to stop and he did, only to be confronted with cool, calculating glances. Instead of money, they decided, they would send that whore a message. A message written in her son's blood.

The Yukimura men hadn't been kind; in fact Kyo had confided in him that at the time he thought death would have been kinder. They beat him beyond recognition, breaking his nose and jaw and littering his small body with bruises. Once they were satisfied they had pulled his pants down, and one by one mounted him, forcing themselves into his body without preparation. His child's body couldn't handle the girth of the adult men and tore, gushing streams of hot, red, blood down his thighs and onto the floor. In horror he had recalled one of the men dipping his fingers in the blood and painting the words whore, slut, bitch, cunt all over the room with it. He cried out at first, but then something snapped inside him and he went numb, eyes glazed over body limp as the men continued to take turns in him. When they were done they left him in a crumpled mess on the floor, cum and blood leaking out of him in swirled clots. When he came back to reality he knew he had to leave, he was a burden on his mother and now was an instrument used to torture her further, packing his few belongings he knew she would be better off without him and he had vowed to get his revenge.

It wasn't long before he stumbled into the seedy parts of town and found the fighting arenas. He snuck into a few fights and figured it was a way for him to get stronger, even though he was only a child of nine he walked right up to one of the fighters and asked for his help to get stronger. At first he was rebuffed but he persisted until finally he was taken to the manager, who thankfully told him they would start his training but that he wouldn't fight until he was fourteen. That didn't mean he couldn't fight during his training though, and he was constantly challenging the other fighters. At first he lost many fights, but he began to grow and observe the other men, learning their style. He was not the strongest amongst them but he used all of his skills to defeat an opponent, he would analyze them first then attempt something he thought he would work, if it didn't he tried something different. He fought smart, taking the time

to know his enemy, to dance with them first; instead of using brute strength. The owner saw this in him and began to make adjustments to his training to enhance those skills further, for he was sure this young man would make him lots of money; and he wasn't wrong.

Kyo had entered the arena on his fourteenth birthday and quickly made a name for himself, his eyes glinting with determination he easily took on a beast of a man three times his size. Uri Kazama was instantly intrigued and he began to follow the young man's progress, his body eventually grew from that of a gangly teen to a full grown, well-muscled, lean young man. He grew to enjoy his fights, making sure not to miss even one and he always took his son Chikage with him. They had both approached him one night after another fight won with a proposition that would change his life. Uri proposed that he become a bodyguard for his son Chikage, heir to the Kazama dynasty, the boy immediately accepted the chance to get out of the shithole he called his current life and at least be guaranteed a warm bed each night. He figured it was just another gig, but instead was shocked when he was treated with respect by Uri and his son, so he stayed by Chikage's side whenever the man came and left the house; and despite being his servant the two became fast friends. Chikage was only three years older than his inky haired counterpart and Uri had told Kyo he was glad to see his normally cold and closed off son make a friend. One day while they were out they ran across the Yukimura boys, Chikage was kind enough to them, after all that was when the clans got along; but Kyo was struck speechless by the golden gaze of the eldest son. Apparently it was lust at first sight, as Sanosuke knowing exactly who Chikage was paid a visit to their residence the very next day.

Things had progressed quickly, Kyo and Sanosuke falling into a deep and sweet rhythm of love. The midnight blue haired lean man and the broader flame haired fighter made quite the pair. It wasn't long before the two were close to inseparable, and even began training together. Kyo, who was already good with pistols, became even better as he was forced to dodge the attacks from Sanosuke and his spear; while also evading Hajime. Training with the bother's had benefitted all here of them and their esteem and value to their families began to slowly rise, until Sanosuke did the unthinkable. Or rather, his father did. Knowing of their relationship Koudou had ordered a hit on Uri when the man had refused to cooperate and even entertain the idea of falling in line under Yukimura control. Kyo didn't blame him, between the two men Yukimura was known as being more ruthless and it made sense he would want to seize the Kazama interests about Uri's rebuttal of his proposal. So instead he ordered that his best fighter assassinate the man, and his best fighter just happened to be his son and Kyo's lover of several years; Sanosuke.

Kyo had confided all of this to him, and had been honest stating he did love Sanosuke and probably always would despite the fact that the Yukimura men had been so cruel to him. Sanosuke was the first person to ever take him sexually since that incident when he was nine, he had several partners since then but none he said were worth remembering. Shinpachi didn't view Sanosuke as competition, as he knew that the human heart was an enigma; and he fully believed one could love more than one person. He snaked his hands through his brown spikes, lying back on his plush bed when a knock sounded at the door. With a small groan he stood up and went to the door, pulling it open he was confronted with a rather ragged looking Sanosuke.

"You got a minute?" He asked softly, his eyes downcast and his normally vibrant hair looking rather dull.

"Yea" he replied, holding the door open "come on in, I'll put some tea on."

Sanosuke had really expected a punch in the face instead of tea, after all he had usurped Shinpachi's lover. He studied the brunette as he made the tea preparations, he was in loose hunter green lounge pants with a fitted black tank top on, his green bandanna tied just so around his head. His blue eyes stood out in vivid contrast against the rest of his ensemble, he certainly was quite attractive. Sanosuke started feeling awkward as the man turned and looked at him knowingly but not unkindly. After all, they had seen each other naked even if it was a blur to him.

"About the other night.."he trailed off, his voice weak as he gripped the cup tightly. "I realize something now." Shinpachi regarded him coolly. "I realizeâ€¦.that it is possible to love more than one person at the same time." The brunette's brows shot up, that clearly wasn't what he had expected to hear.

"Explain" he said, curiosity making his blue eyes narrow slightly.

"Souji said Chikage's name, and I took it to mean he loved Chikage and not me. What I failed to consider was that he could be struggling with his feelings for both of us, trying to make up his mind instead of making roomâ€¦." He lowered his voice to almost a whisper "like I have."

Shinpachi was dumbfounded, he wanted Sanosuke to explain more but the red head seemed like his was through for the moment. He settled into the yawning silence patiently waiting for him to continue, and he did.

"I love Kyo, and I always will, I know that now. No, maybe I have always known that, yet I had room for Souji in my heart as well. Perhaps that is the case with him, he loves both of us and Chikage was his first love was he not?" Shinpachi nodded that he was "so it is wrong of me to get upset when he had held that love for longer than he has even known me. There is no guarantee if roles were reversed that I would not be crying out for Kyo." He looked into his cup, the dark liquid steaming and swirling in a hypnotizing rhythm.

"I understand" Shinpachi said simply, his blue eyes locking onto Sanosuke golden ones. "I too have more than one person I love, and I thought that I was pushed aside but I realize now that love is not so fleeting." He smiled warmly at the other man "know that Kyo returns your affections despite everything."

"Does that make you mad?" Sanosuke asked quietly.

"Not at all" Shinpachi said, still smiling "in fact it makes me happy that he possesses enough room in his heart for both of us. I would be a hypocrite to be upset as I have two in my heart as well; three counting Souji but he is not a lover." Sanosuke gave a wry smile; it seemed that despite his vain and boisterous act this man truly understood the depth of things.

"Who is your other love if I may ask?" Shinpachi met his eyes, the smile gone.

"Toudou Heisuke."

19. Chapter 19

thank you for reading and leave a review, i do love them=)

Hajime took the stairs up to Toudou's room, the man had asked him specifically to come by and see his outfit for the party. He knew Toudou wouldn't fail to impress and was looking forward to his sneak peek. About three weeks ago Isami and Toshi had announced that the club would hold an auction, masquerade style. The expectation if you attended was to dress up and dress sexy, the staff would be on display and could be bought for the night. The only rule? You couldn't purchase someone you were already seeing, which meant he would be unable to spend the night with Toudou. Despite that he felt excited knowing what, or rather whom, the money was going for.

Souji had come out of his fever induced state about a week after it started, much to his brother's relief. He was still weak and would be unable to participate tonight but he was in relatively good spirits. Chikage and Sanosuke had remained by his side through the ordeal, the two men taking shifts and cooperating in ways Hajime never thought he would see. It was clear they both loved Souji deeply and after a little while of doing this he began to see a sort of tentative friendship form between his stubborn brother and the quiet blonde. He knew Sanosuke had visited the grave of Chikage's father Uri and asked for forgiveness and had begged the same of Chikage himself. The red eyed man had told him he would forgive but not forget in order to forge a new era between the two clans, something Hajime was finding he also desired. Sick of the constant fighting he believed a viable solution could be brought to fruition if only the three sons put their heads together.

Chikage was also in support of Sanosuke's new relationship with Kyo. When the two old flames had rekindled their love it had grown to a roaring bonfire. When he wasn't with Souji his brother was with Kyo and Hajime was pleased. Kyo was a good man and a good match for his hot headed brother, he had encouraged Sanosuke to tell Souji of this; sure the green eyed man would understand. After all he had two loves in his life, but Sanosuke kept putting it off until finally even Chikage grew weary of it and told him if he didn't man up and tell Souji someone else would. Partly because he was tired of Sanosuke worrying and partly because as Kyo's employer he had noticed a change in the violet eyed man; a change for the better. He knew Kyo continued to spend time with Shinpachi but had also made room for Sanosuke, something Hajime was grateful for; his brother was deserving of this happiness.

He rapped at the door to Toudou's room and heard his lover yell for him to come in. Entering his eyes went wide and his mouth surely hung open at the sight. Toudou was standing in the center of his living room, his small hips swishing as he admired himself in the full length mirror. His brown hair was tied up in a top knot, and littered with golden flecks, his bangs pulled down as usual resting on top of

a mask made of peacock feathers. His blue-green eyes peered out from underneath the mask which covered most of his face, his lips were painted gold, as were his fingernails, his whole body had a gold shimmer to it. His pants were slightly loose black leather and they were tucked into knee high combat boots, which were adorned with gold buckles. Around his hips he wore something similar to a scarf which was a mix of purple, blue, green and gold. Most impressive of all was his torso, Hajime's eyes started at the dip in his right hip and followed the flow of the body paint as it snaked up his stomach, around his back diagonally. As the man spun he saw it wrapped underneath his left armpit and over that shoulder, coming to a point. The paint was a giant peacock feather in beautiful swirls of vibrant colors that undulated with each move he made, scattered through the feather were small golden crystals, glinting in the light as he moved.

"Well Haji?" He asked, somewhat petulantly, a pretty pout on his golden lips. "What do you think?"

Hajime closed his mouth "I can't think." He said, and it was true. His lover looked like a god come to life, his toned body brought to center stage by the paint and gold. As if that wasn't enough Hajime knew the man intimately, knew his laugh, his smile, his mind. Oh god, was there anyone as perfect as Toudou? He knew the man thought he was beautiful, he never saw his own beauty, and he couldn't understand why Toudou loved him so. His heart warmed at the thought, it didn't matter; this gorgeous good hearted man was his and loved him. He sat down on the couch, watching Toudou as he continued to spin.

"You don't think it's too much?" He asked, his voice sounding unsure.

"No, I think it suits you perfectly. You, you look gorgeous." The brunette's face lit up and he settled himself down onto Hajime's lap, straddling his blue haired lover.

"Promise?" He purred seductively as he lightly ground his hips against Hajime's.

"Oh gods, yes I promise" Hajime moaned as he felt his pants tighten. Toudou raised a golden brow and continued to grind, eager to get his lover aroused. It didn't take long before pants were off and Hajime was panting with desire, his indigo hair splayed behind him as his golden god drank down his pleasure.

* * *

><p>Sanosuke had decided to man up and speak to Souji, after all he deserved the honesty. He found the green eyed man sitting in his wheelchair on his balcony watching the sunset. The sky was streaked with the brilliance of pink, orange, yellow and red across the sky.<p>

"Sit by me Sano" he said simply, not turning around. Sano walked up behind him and planted a small kiss on the crown of his head before settling in the chair beside him. He looked at Souji, the man was thinner and more worn than when he first had met him. That was to be expected as Sannen had said, but it didn't make it any easier to bear.

"You know" he said turning to Sano and fixing him with an intense gaze, "I am going to die soon." Sanosuke started to protest but was quickly silenced by the glare he received from Souji.

"It's something I have been expecting. I feel that I have been lucky" he took Sanosuke's hand in his. "I have had two loves in my life, and have been allowed to love them both without abandon at the same time." Sanosuke's face must have registered slight shock because Souji smiled and continued.

"As you know Chikage and I were once lovers, and our feelings for one another never faded. I thank you for allowing me to continue to have those feelings and explore them freely. You were jealous I am sure but never once did you ask me to stop seeing him, yet he knew of my feelings for you and he never asked me to stop seeing you either. It seems both of you understood I loved you equally?" He asked, wanting input on the matter.

Sanosuke sighed; this was not what he wanted to talk about. "Yes, I knew you loved him; and at first was jealous but now understand more clearly."

"Is this because you have also found happiness with Kyo?" He asked a glint of mischief in his green eyes. Sanosuke's eyes went wide and his brows shot up.

"You know?"

Souji laughed "of course I know. It's easy to see when you look at each other; it's the same look you give to me." He smiled warmly, "I am glad you are happy and are blessed like I am to have room in your heart for more than one person." Sanosuke nodded, still not comprehending what had just happened. Souji had known the whole time, and was fine with it.

"I want you to be happy when I am gone" he said softly. "And I want you to know how much I love you. Sanosuke you are part of my world, why I smile these days, my strength and my surety. Do not doubt my feelings for you ever again."

"Souji" he whispered his lover's name softly as he tightened his grip on the slim fingers. "Souji, I love you so much, but you are right. There is room in my heart for another and I love him just as much, I am glad you understand and accept this." A tear made its way down his cheek and Souji lifted a finger to wipe it away.

"Don't cry Sano" he said, cupping the auburn haired man's cheek, guiding his face in for a tender kiss. Together they sat there watching to final rays of the sun disappear from the sky, hands still twined together in a silent statement of their love.

* * *

><p>On the opposite side of town Chikage was watching the same sunset. He had seen Sanosuke enter the building as he was leaving, he was glad for it. He had been tired of seeing the worry in Sanosuke's face, for he was doing nothing wrong; nothing that Souji himself wasn't doing. He toyed with the end of his cigarette, inhaling deeply, yes he was sure he would tell Souji the truth and that the man would understand. He knew Souji better than just about anyone he

thought, while Sanosuke and Souji also loved one another he had the longer history. He pushed himself back from the railing; yes he wanted to change things; to make them right. He became what he had told Souji he never would but he also wanted to do something new, something he had told Souji. Then emerald eyed man had forgiven him almost too easily he thought, then again their feelings had never once waned over their time spent apart.<p>

He had spoken to both Yukimura's and they had all three agreed that cooperation and unification was in their future. All three of them sick of fighting, sick of having things ripped from their lives because of their affiliation. Hajime had not suffered much, Sanosuke had seen to that; and Sanosuke himself had lost someone he loved. Chikage had lost two people he loved, well one now since he had Souji again. He missed his father, Uri; he knew his father had wanted peace between the two families and Koudou Yukimura refused to give it. Hell, the old man still refused but his sons were a different matter; they too wanted peace.

He closed the balcony doors and snuffed out his cigarette, flashing a rare smile he thought of what was to come. Yet he knew that this was merely the calm before the storm. And that storm was about to hit.

20. Chapter 20

****as always thank you for reading and reviewing.****

****much thanks to the awesome fuusunshine for beta'ing my sorry tail! and for posting next weeks installment while i am off getting married!****

Isami was running around in a panic, the good kind of panic. He was handling all of the last minute preparations before the guests arrived and Toshi smiled, he loved seeing him like this, in control and sure of himself. The main room had be decorated in gold and silver, a stage and catwalk had been built in the room for the staff to strut their stuff on, ornate hand carved wooden tables littered the room with various kinds of refreshments on them. This was sure to be a success; they knew plenty of people planned on coming, his eyes swept over the crowd taking in the staff mingling about in anticipation. They had done fund raisers before but never anything of this magnitude and gravity, and if he was honest with himself he was nervous. That is until he was hit in the face with a roll of spangly gold streamers.

"Oh shit, sorry Toshi!" He saw Toudou running towards him, his eyes bright behind his mask. He looked at the man, he was simply stunning.

"Toudou" he nodded "you look great."

"Thanks Toshi!" He replied happily, "sorry about that, I was trying to help Isami." Toshi smiled and handed him the offending object.

"He needs all the help he can get" he said letting warmth creep into his voice. "Toudou, thank you" he said smiling and walked away. He had to prepare a few things himself after all.

* * *

><p>Hajime was nervous, he knew he couldn't bid on Toudou but he could still speak with him. He adjusted his outfit and swallowed, he felt ridiculous but the invitation said to dress sexy so here he was. His traditional blue kimono dipped dangerously low in front showing his toned chest, and a sword tied with a white sash hung low on his hips. His indigo hair was loose and wild around his face, a white mask on his face, eyes barely visible from under the fall of his bangs. His outfit wasn't that daring, he was simply out of his comfort zone, he wanted to wear his jeans and t shirt but here he was; a sexy samurai. It had of course been Sanosuke's idea, he said Hajime would be uncomfortable no matter what but this may be better than anything else. While Hajime agreed to some extent he still was not pleased and felt as though he looked awkward. A frown formed on his lips when his brother sauntered in.<p>

Sanosuke had his auburn hair down and straight, framing his face a simple black mask on his face, golden eyes gleaming out from it. His shirt was cropped, deep red and unbuttoned showing his tanned torso, he had a white cloth wrapped around the bottom half of his abdomen; Hajime knew to hide his scar. His pants were loose and black in the style of a samurai and he was wearing flip flops. A dark blue eyebrow rose as he took in the sight.

"You look ridiculous, what are you supposed to be?" Sanosuke laughed and shrugged.

"You know, I'm not sure. I was going for laid back and sexy samurai."

"Well, you failed" Hajime said crisply, eyeing his brother discerningly. Sanosuke just rolled his eyes.

"I'm sure no one will care, we need to get going if we want to be there on time" he flashed a big smile. "I can't wait to see how everyone looks!" Hajime sighed, he hoped Toudou liked his outfit and he would never admit it but he was looking forward to the evening. He allowed himself to be dragged out of the house by his eager brother, a small smile forming on his lips. Sanosuke was anxious to get there; he wanted to see Souji before everything started. As they walked toward the building he saw a familiar inky ponytail.

"Kyo!" He yelled, the man turned and smiled at them. Kyo was decked out in tight dark purple leather type pants with black boots; a black tank top clung to his frame invitingly. His deep eyes were all but covered with a silver and purple mask. Sanosuke felt his pants tighten in appreciation, and he heard Hajime snort slightly and he realized he had been standing there gaping.

"Hey!" He walked over to him, trying to regain his composure. Kyo gave him a warm smile before leaning over to kiss his cheek.

"You look great" the blue haired man said.

"Ah, thank you! So do you. In fact, you look delicious" he lowered his voice for the last part. Kyo's eyes sparked with lust as Sanosuke's voice became husky and deep. Hajime rolled his eyes and cleared his throat.

"Can we get a move on please gentleman?" He quirked an eyebrow at the duo, "or will you paw each other right here?"

Laughing the trio entered the building. Hajime had to stop and stare, everything was decked out in gold and silver that sparkled with pounds and pounds of glitter. The room was full of beautiful people, all masked and smiling. You couldn't tell who was who, he walked with Sanosuke and Kyo to a table where a beautiful ebony skinned woman was pouring drinks. Alcoholic drinks thankfully, he sipped his as his brother and Kyo talked. The main room was opulent, starburst streamers of gold and silver snaked up and down the stone columns, the tablecloths were either solid silver or solid gold and platters of refreshments were laid out as well as drinks of all kinds. In the center was a stage with a runway leading into the crowd. Hajime assumed that was for the show, the stage was black but as everything else it was littered with silver and gold glitter. Whoever did the decorating clearly loved glitter he thought, mentally rolling his eyes. He let out a rather unmanly squeak as he felt arms circle his waist and squeeze.

"Toudou" he breathed looking down into the eyes of his lover. A wide, golden smile was his reward.

"Hey Haji, you look great!" He smiled enthusiastically, stealing a rice ball from Hajime's plate and stuffing it in his face. "I've been so busy helping Isami I haven't had time to eat." He said, his voice muffled by the rice ball in his mouth. Hajime smiled and picked a piece of rice off his face, and offered him another.

"I see that," he said warmly. "Why don't you take a break for a moment to eat with me?" Toudou nodded.

"Alright, it'll have to be quick there are still some things left to do and I am afraid of what will happen if Isami is left alone." His brow furrowed at the thought as he greedily bit into a dango.

"Come on Toudou" he said, refilling his plate, "let's go sit somewhere for a few minutes and let you eat and rest." The younger man gave him a grateful smile and let Hajime guide him to a nearby table. Settling himself in he began to eat voraciously, and they were soon joined by Sanosuke, Kyo and Chikage. Hajime smiled, this was as it should be and even the ever serious and uptight Chikage looked relaxed for once. The lights began to dim and Toudou stuffed a few more pieces of food in his mouth before leaning over to Hajime and whispering in his ear.

"No matter what happens tonight, it's you who I'll be thinking of." A shiver coursed through Hajime's body at his lover's words, and when he turned to reply he saw Toudou was already gone. He let out a disappointed sigh and saw Chikage raise a brow, that man didn't miss much. The stage began to light up and a lone figure appeared, Isami dressed in his finest walked slowly to center stage.

"Welcome welcome and thank you all for coming!" His booming voice filling the room, "we are excited and delighted to have you with us tonight here at this exclusive event. Now shall we go over the rules?" He paused for a moment "I said shall we go over the rules?" The audience finally caught on and shouted back the affirmative. "That's better, now the rules! You cannot bid on someone you are

currently seeing" this was met by a disappointed noise from the crowd. "You may not mistreat our staff in any way, and all bids will be paid prior to you leaving for the night with the staff member of your choosing." He twirled and knelt down, eyes piercing the audience. "Who is ready to begin?" A swell of shouts, yells and noise went up from the crowd as Isami smiled broadly, signaling Toshi the curtain was raised and the crowd gasped.

The staff were all on stage in an array of painted, glittering bodies. The lighting struck them perfectly and before anyone had time to register they all left the stage in different directions except for one woman. She began to walk down the catwalk, her small body striding gracefully as her kimono fluttered exposing her pale legs. Her brown hair was done up in a traditional Japanese style adorned with glittering ornaments, her lips painted a deep red and brown eyes sharp and intelligent.

"Who is that?" Hajime asked out loud.

"Chiruzu, one of the most sought after women here" Chikage was the one who answered him. He could see why, she was beautiful and despite working here appeared very innocent. The ruckus began as men and women scrambled to be the highest bidder for the small beauty. As person after person appeared on the stage the crowd was awed and amazed. The show was spectacular with undulating music in the background, a feast for the eyes on stage and the calamity that ensued as they bid. Hajime had eyes only for one, and when he appeared on stage his heart leapt into his throat.

Toudou's back was facing the audience showing off the body paint beautifully. It caught the light glittering as the lines of his body were highlighted. His pants rode low on his slender hips and his hands were in his pockets, turning slowly he allowed the audience a delicious view of his toned body. Before he even stepped off the stage and onto the runway the bidding had started. He walked slowly and purposefully, his gait fluid and smooth as he made his way toward Hajime. Stopping for a brief moment he pretended to blow the audience a kiss, but his eyes met Hajime's from under his mask and he winked, the blue haired man felt his heart beat quicken. Toudou spun and turned around, hips swaying as he walked, Hajime was in such a daze he didn't even register the fact Sanosuke had been yelling until the man was already off the stage.

"Hajime! Hey," he felt a hand smack him on the back. He startled, coming out of his trance.

"Hunh?"

"Geez you idiot. I just won for you, Toudou will be expecting me but I want you to go instead." Hajime's mouth wasn't quite working and he simply nodded his head. Toudou would be his tonight, and then he knew; he knew it was time.

21. Chapter 21

much thanks to my awesome beta fuusunshine for updating my stories for me while i am out of town getting married=)

**also credit to her for Shinpachi's masquerade

description!**

"Hajime! Hey," he felt a hand smack him on the back. He startled, coming out of his trance.

"Hunh?"

"Geez you idiot. I just won for you, Toudou will be expecting me but I want you to go instead." Hajime's mouth wasn't quite working and he simply nodded his head. Toudou would be his tonight, and then he knew; he knew it was time.

Sanosuke grinned; he had done something good for his brother. It was obvious he and Toudou were in love and not just lust, pleased with himself he squeezed Kyo's thigh under the table and received a sideways smile from the man. Many others filed down the catwalk, each bringing their own unique feel to the room, Isami and Toshi were surely very happy as this was a most effective fundraiser. It was winding down, only a few more people to go when Sanosuke and Kyo saw who they had been waiting for. Shinpachi.

His well-defined muscles seemed to dance under his smooth tan skin as he moved down the runway. He wore no shirt but his naked torso was painted with the most intricate design. A black Chinese dragon wrapped around him hugging his contours in the most delicious ways and the sharp angles of the beast were tipped in a beautiful shade of ocean blue. The creature's head lay on his right collar bone and its winding body cut down across his chest dipping behind to his back over his ribs. The tail of the dragon snaked its way back to the front across his hip bone and then teasingly stopped at his navel. His black pants clung to him like a second skin and hung precariously low on hips. They were held in place with a silver belt and large buckle of the same color. His boots were stretched over his calves tightly with the same silver buckles at his ankles. Following the same theme silver bands wrapped around his biceps calling attention to his beautifully sculpted arms. A silver mask trimmed in black covered his face from his hairline down to the tip of his nose. The contrast between the silver of the mask and his deep blue eyes was breathtakingly mysterious. The audience was completely silent for a few minutes before erupting into yells and bids. Sanosuke simply stared, he knew the man was attractive but this; this was something else. He felt his chest tighten and his palms begin to sweat, desire pooled in his stomach and he looked to Kyo who nodded once, it was enough for him.

"Hajime" he whispered into his brothers ear "get him, please." Hajime looked startled but immediately began to bid, quickly registering that Sanosuke had asked him for Kyo's sake. The bidding was vicious as the man made his way down the stage and to the runway. His blue eyes like chips of ice from underneath his silver mask, his strides strong and sure, and a mischievous smile adorned his handsome face. Hajime was fighting to stay on top in the bidding war that had erupted for the man, frantically yelling as he was determined to do his brother the same favor that had just been done for him. Finally it was over, and Hajime was victorious. Leaning back in his seat he looked at Sanosuke and squeaked as his brother roughly hugged him.

"Thank you" he heard in his ear. He smiled and returned the embrace.

One by one the staff filed out and took their place next to the person who had won them for the night. Toudou came over to stand by Sanosuke, raising his brows at the man in question. Sanosuke bent down and whispered something in his ear that caused him to smile warmly. Shinpachi joined them a short while later by Hajime, unlike his small friend he had a pretty good idea that Hajime had not bid on him for himself. His mouth turned up in a lopsided grin as he locked eyes with Hajime and nodded, letting the quiet man know that he knew what was going on.

Isami once again got on the stage and addressed the group, instructing them on the procedures once again and slowly each guest was led off by their companion. Hajime felt his hand being taken in a much larger one and looked into the dancing blue eyes of Shinpachi. He allowed himself to be led into the direction of the man's room, but found himself being led to the second floor instead of the sixth.

"Shinpachi?" He questioned. The brunette looked down, smiling warmly at him.

"You and I both know you bid on me for someone else. You are with Toudou tonight." He said as if it was the most obvious thing; Hajime supposed it was to someone that knew them.

"Are we that transparent?"

"No" the larger man said laughing "I just know that I am definitely not your type." Hajime had to concede to that point, while Shinpachi certainly was handsome and stunning he was, indeed, not his type.

"Then, please know it is not because I find you unattractive. That is not the case." He said quietly, not wanting to insult the man.

"Oh of course not" he said jovially, flexing his bicep for show "who could resist me?" Hajime chuckled at his antics. "In all seriousness Hajime, you and Toudou are suited for each other. You both are so beautiful, gentle and delicate I could see either of you with no one else."

"What of your love for him?" Hajime asked, placing a pale hand on the other man's arm. Shinpachi's eyes widened before narrowing.

"That is none of your concern" he replied sternly.

"It is if you love him, if I am in the way." Hajime said evenly, not to be swayed by the annoyance in Shinpachi's voice.

"If I loved him, you wouldn't be in the way" was the only answer he received before Shinpachi turned on his heel and left him standing dumbfounded in front of Toudou's room.

Shinpachi returned to his room, pleased to find Kyo waiting for him. He warmly embraced the man before leading him inside. Soon their bodies became entwined, slender tan arms with muscular light ones, inky dark hair spilling and mingling with short brown. Heady cries and moans mingling together into a chorus of pleasure and passion. Violet and blue eyes shining with love and lust as they chased heaven

in each other's arms.

* * *

><p>Chikage made his way to Isami and Toshi, mostly to congratulate them on a job well done but also to add to the fund. He had not purchased anyone for the evening as he intended to spend it with Souji, he was sure Sanosuke would also be there and somehow didn't mind too much. He made his way quickly down the corridor to where he knew their offices would be. Both men were there, bending over books and accounts, Isami talking rapidly and excitedly while Toshi simply smiled a small smile of indulgence. Noticing Chikage they ushered him to come sit and talk with them for a bit while things died down, settling comfortably into a fancy wingchair he did just that; but not before he informed them he would match whatever was already donated. His lips curled upwards as he watched Isami's jaw drop and the ever stoic Toshi gap at him in shock.<p>

* * *

><p>Koudou smiled, pleased with himself as he watched the bark brown head bob up and down while sucking his cock. Groaning he inhaled the white powder from his pipe, letting it flow into his lungs and slowly crystallize in his mind. He stroked Sannen's head gently, relishing in the sensation of the man's lips surrounding his thickness. It wasn't good enough, he wanted more.<p>

"Lay down" he said, not unkindly but softly. Sannen complied, slipping quickly out of his clothes. Koudou did the same and lay down next to him on the floor. Not a word was spoken as the older man's fingers breeched the tight entrance of the brunette, who let out a small hiss of pain at the intrusion. Koudou kissed him earnestly, trying to distract him as he began to curl his fingers inside him, searching for his sweet spot. Once hit a small mewl escaped Sannen's kiss swollen lips and Koudou smirked as he moved to line himself up with his lover's entrance. Pushing himself inside he left no time for adjustment as he immediately began to move, his pace fast and firm. He gripped the slender hips tighter as he pumped furiously into the man, grunting with the effort as his high demanded him to move quicker and quicker until finally the wave of orgasm crashed over his body. Shuddering he released in hot jets of white sticky fluid as he roared, filling his lover with his cock and seed. Sannen groaned and writhed under him, reaching completion shortly after sending pearly jets of white onto his stomach.

Without a word Koudou pulled out, leaving a trail of cum down Sannen's thigh in his wake. Getting up he wrapped his robe around his body and went to the balcony. The crisp night air cooled his hot body down and he inhaled deeply, yes this would be the night he removed those in his way. After all when Koudou Yukimura wanted something he got it.

22. Chapter 22

thanks for reading. review please as they keep me going!

beta'd by fuusunshine

Hajime recovered from his strange conversation with Shinpachi before knocking on Toudou's door. He was slightly frazzled by what they man had said, he had known of Shinpachi's love for the smaller man but it almost seemed as though the brunette had given him permission in a way. Shaking his head he smiled as the door opened and Toudou appeared, with a grin that split his face he threw himself into Hajime's arms.

"Haji!" He exclaimed, turning his head to meet his lover's eager lips. He yanked on Hajime's shirt, quickly pulling him into the room and closing the door. Their lips never left each other's as Toudou guided him into the bedroom, pushing him down onto the soft supple sheets. Breathless from their kissing the two men tumbled into each other's bodies in a frantic race to remove each other's clothing. Toudou won as he lay Hajime bare before him admiring the slender pale body, sculpted in all the right places as dips and curves danced across his chest and down to his hipbones. His beautiful indigo hair was undone and littered the bed in waves and ripples, his blue eyes shone like chips of sapphire in the half light as his hand cupped Toudou's face lovingly.

"Toudou, I am ready for you" he said gently, his voice low and husky with desire and need.

"Hajime" he whispered in surprise "are you sure?" The other man nodded and Toudou, for the first time was nervous.

Hajime knew this was it, everything felt right and he would give himself to this man. Toudou looked radiant, his makeup still intact, and his rich chestnut hair unbound with flecks of glitter in it. His sharp blue green eyes raking over his exposed body longingly. He shuddered as he felt the soft press of his golden lips on his neck, and the tickle of his hair on his chest. He took a deep breath and was overwhelmed with the amber scent that belonged to his lover, groaning he wrapped his arms around the slender waist, demanding closer contact. Toudou gave into his unspoken command easily as his body melted into Hajime's as their kiss deepened, their mouths working furiously against each other's as if their very lives depended on it. He ran his hands down the lightly tanned skin, the smooth softness of Toudou's back marred only by the slight rise of body paint, down to his firm rear, and cupping it forced the man into a slow grind. Toudou let out a whine as Hajime's erection found his and created a sweet velvety friction; he broke the kiss and stared down at his lover. His cheeks were flushed beautifully, eyes hooded with lust, his pale body and dark hair in stark contrast with each other. His eyes dropped to the dark curls between his legs and he traced his way down to Hajime's length with his mouth, teasing the man with a series of kisses, licks and nips before he reached his destination.

Looking down at Toudou he saw the man positioned between his legs, his rosebud pink mouth hovering over the head of his cock. The sight alone was almost too much and he whimpered with need, understanding Toudou gently coaxed his weeping member into his tight mouth, his tongue lightly flicking the underside of his head as he swallowed more and more of Hajime. Grunting with restraint he held still and watched as inch by inch he disappeared into Toudou's mouth, finally when there was no more the brunette began to bob his head in a slow up and down motion that sent chills racing up his spine. He felt a hand cup his balls tightly, giving an ever so slight squeeze and

without thinking thrust his hips up into the waiting mouth. Toudou's eyes locked with his, and he felt his chest tighten, he took his lover's free hands and entwined it with his own as he continued to suck and lick his manhood.

Toudou watched Hajime thrash and writhe on the bed as he mercilessly used every talent available to him to pleasure him. He moaned as he felt his free hand being taken and those slim pale fingers laced themselves with his, flicking his eyes up they were met by Hajime's steady deep blue eyes, sparkling with love. He slowly crept his fingers up to the pale man's thin mouth, and begged entrance. Hajime nibbled the tips of his fingers, licking them slowly before taking them fully in his mouth. Toudou felt his cock twitch at the sight and couldn't help but imagine Hajime sucking him off, that thin mouth perfectly stretched over his throbbing organ. Hajime coated his fingers with his saliva and Toudou did a slow crawl back up his body so he was straddling the dark haired man.

Hajime was entranced by the sight, Toudou was on top of him and had slowly slid his own fingers into his ass. He was rolling his hips, grinding his cock into Hajime's in a fierce rhythm. Their pre cum moistening their shafts as drop after drop rolled down them. Moaning Hajime gripped his hips, unable to take it anymore.

"Toudou, please" he managed to get out. Toudou reached for the lube and squirted a rather generous amount onto Hajime before lining himself up with the pale erection. Reaching back and spreading his ass cheeks he slowly lowered himself down onto the virgin organ. Hajime saw stars as he was enveloped by a warm, moist, tight and delicious heat, he couldn't control himself and immediately began to thrust into his lover. Deeper and deeper he thrust as if trying to make them into one person, crying out Toudou's name as wave after wave of passion crested and dissipated. Toudou bore it, at first his expression was pained but after he adjusted he found the rhythm and rode it for all he was worth. Rolling and bucking his hips in order to hit his sweet spot he moaned out Hajime's name. Their hands entangled as their bodies joined as one in a sweet symphony of moans, groans and whimpers.

Finally Hajime could take no more and with a pained and pleased yell he buried himself deep into the smaller man in a series of spasms, his thick seed shooting into Toudou in electric white spurts of passion. Toudou grunted as he felt the warmth seep into him and he felt himself fall over the cliff, releasing his sticky liquid onto Hajime's stomach in a pearly puddle. After a few moments he fell on top of Hajime, resting on his elbows but was pulled into a strong embrace. He relaxed into Hajime's arms as the dark haired man kissed his head and neck, gently stroking his back as he continued to hold him.

"Toudou" he said softly, gently moving the smaller man. "Should we clean up before your turn?" Toudou blinked his big eyes confused as to Hajime's meaning.

"I want you to take me" Hajime said, grasping his hand. Toudou felt his jaw drop and his heart clench, this was an unusual request. He kissed Hajime tenderly on the lips, tasting their softness with his own, laying his head down on the pale chest he sighed.

"I will Haji, I will. Let's rest for a bit first." He felt Hajime nod

and not caring one bit about the mess they had made they snuggled into each other's arms each lost in their own thoughts, hearts beating in rhythm with each other.

****A little while later=)****

After a little while they stirred, Hajime moving first stroking Toudou's hair and lifting his face up for a sweet kiss. He felt Toudou's hands skim over his body; feather light touches whispering to his skin, making his tiny hairs stand on end. The soft lips on his began to demand entrance and he opened to them, his senses becoming overwhelmed with the sweet touches and tastes of his partner. He felt Toudou break the kiss and then slowly kiss his forehead, then each eyelid.

"Are you sure?" Toudou asked, longing apparent in his voice.

"Yes."

"This will hurt at first Haji" he said gently, his hand cradling the dark haired man's face.

"It's ok, if it's you I want it" he replied, pulling the smaller man close for another sweet kiss.

The kiss deepened, and Toudou lowered his head slowly nipping and kissing his way down Hajime's body. Stopping to lavish attention on those hardened nubs, licking and nibbling as Hajime gasped and arched his back at the sensation. His pale body glowing in the moonlight, eyes hooded and lust filled as vast as any ocean and twice as deep; he watched Toudou love him. No, explore him, leaving not one inch of his body to chance it was as if the smaller man was memorizing him, and indeed he was. The feel of him, the sight and the taste, his experienced fingers finding every groove and curve of the lithe body beneath him.

Toudou stopped for a brief moment to apply lube to his fingers before pressing his mouth once again to Hajime's, gently he introduced a finger into the virgin entrance. Hajime wiggled in discomfort, but quickly relaxed under Toudou's skilled ministrations, another finger was slipped in and the two began a slow scissoring motion. Groaning against him Hajime felt the invading digits brush against something that made him tingle sweetly, noting his reaction Toudou did it again, and again until Hajime was writhing and bucking his hips sweetly moaning. Sweat beading down the older man's brow as he made the most delicious and wanton noises. Satisfied he was thoroughly prepared he coated his throbbing member to make it easier on Hajime.

"Hajime" he whispered, kissing the man's cheek "Hajime, try to relax." The man nodded and whimpered as he felt the head of Toudou's cock line up with his entrance. Slowly he breached the man, moving carefully as Hajime's tight walls pushed against him, enfolding him and caressing him. Toudou began to sweat with the effort it was taking not to push himself in and ride Hajime like one of the four horsemen from hell. He was beautiful, his silken hair splayed out against the pillow, alabaster skin glowing with the sheen of sweat, his beautiful member standing proud and weeping with desire. He moaned a deep throaty sound as he felt Hajime's legs wrap around him,

encouraging him further.

A sharp stab of pain shot through his lower back as he felt Toudou enter him. His vision danced as he grunted with effort to relax, this hurt he thought grimly. Toudou was being careful, his face showed his caution and Hajime took a deep breath, trying to control his body which was clenching tight to the invading organ. Slowly he made his way in, not completely but the pain had started to subside and Hajime wrapped his legs around the slim waist, telling him to finish the job without words. Toudou complied, slowly easing himself in until he was fully sheathed in the tight heat, moaning he stilled allowing Hajime to get used to the feeling. It wasn't unpleasant he decided, the dull ache was still present, he just felt full. He registered Toudou kissing him lightly and caressing him to soothe him but he wanted to know the pleasure that went with this and impatiently rolled his hips. Smirking Toudou slowly withdrew, and slipping his hands under Hajime's backside he lifted his hips up, angling them so he could find his target. Within a few slow thrusts he found it, stroking Hajime's prostate with his hard cock he slowly drove the older man into oblivion.

His spine tingled, then his fingers and hands, pretty soon his whole body felt like it was on fire. He snaked his arms around his brunette lover's neck in a silent plea to quicken the pace, snapping his hips upward. He pulled Toudou down into a searing kiss as the first wave of his pleasure crested and broke over him, his swollen cock bobbing between their bodies like a buoy on the sea. He felt thrust after thrust, each time hitting something deep inside him causing him to growl low in his throat; he was ebbing and flowing, his body becoming one with Toudou's. His senses dulled and hazed yet heightened he fell into himself, into Toudou, losing himself, drowning in waves of pleasure he cried out; his white heat spurting out onto their stomachs. Toudou gave a few more thrusts before moaning Hajime's name and pumping erratically into him, filling him with his seething warmth.

They lay like that for a while, satiated and dazed before Toudou pulled out and he opened Hajime's legs wide, bending his knees. Startled Hajime made to move but small hands held him firm as to his surprise Toudou began to clean him off, licking the fluid first from his pink hole, his tongue darting in and out of the sensitive entrance; then making his way up to Hajime's stomach and cleaning off the pearly fluid there. Hajime took in the exotic sight and tangled his hands in his lover's hair affectionately, pulling him up for a kiss. He tasted their mingled releases in his mouth and pulled Toudou closer, finally whispering those words his heart had known but been too scared to say.

"Toudou, I love you" it was barely audible but the smaller man heard it. Smiling he rested his head under Hajime's chin, wrapped in his lover's arms.

"I love you too Haji" was the last thing the dark haired man heard before sleep claimed him.

23. Chapter 23

**Huge thanks to everyone who reads and reviews. Please leave a review as they have been scarce lately, hoping everyone is just busy

and not bored of my story.**

beta'd by the ever so patient fuusunshine

Sannen knew it was now or never, he felt his pocket and smiled. Love did indeed make you do crazy things he thought to himself, climbing the stairs quickly and slowly to the second floor. Taking care not to be seen he headed towards his destination, his palms sweating slightly with anticipation. Koudou would get his wish, and he would control everything. Once he had that control Sannen could manipulate it, take it away so that he would stand at the peak and summit of the underworld. After all, he was a master at games and puzzles, and what better game was there than this? He loved Koudou, but he loved power more; and right now he had Koudou exactly where he wanted him. He strode swift and sure into the room and approached the bed, the lone occupant fast asleep thanks to the drugs he had administered earlier.

Moving quickly he pulled the needle from his coat pocket, checking to see if there were any air bubbles he inspected the object. Glinting in the moonlight the sharp point of the needle fractured the rays into shards of white light, flicking the barrel he readied his will to do what he was sent to do. Leaning over the bed he grasped Souji's arm gently and darted the needle in. It slid into his flesh as a knife slides into warm butter, smoothly, gently, almost the whisper of a caress. It wouldn't be long now.

He felt little remorse; he had known Souji but not well. The man was troublesome, only recently tamed by his two stubborn lovers. Souji was just another stepping stone to his goals, and if he had to squash that stepping stone then so be it. The sacrifice would prevent many other deaths, this he reasoned, was the most efficient course of action. Quiet disposal of a future problem and furthering himself in Koudou's good graces would only make the way to his goals that much smoother. The only thing he regretted was that Toudou was also going to be involved in this, simply because he was entangled with a Yukimura son. Sighing he pocketed the needle and then turned in surprise as he heard a noise, but quickly schooled his features.

* * *

><p>Sanosuke had stopped to chat with several people for a few moments but he was anxious to see Souji. He was thrilled the auction had gone so well and knew tonight would also be a night his brother would never forget. He felt generally good all over, rather pleased with himself and was excited to tell his lover about all of the details, knowing Chikage would also more than likely turn up. Speaking of Chikage, he hadn't seen the man for a while, shrugging it off he headed up towards Souji's room. When he got there he noticed the door was slightly ajar, which was unlike the man; slowly entering he saw a figure bent over him. It was Dr. Sannen.<p>

"Hello Sanosuke" he said smoothly, "was just checking on our patient here." He smiled, and something seemed off to him, but he couldn't place exactly what.

"And how is he?"

"Just resting right now, his vital signs are all within normal limits except for his breath sounds. Those are continuing to be labored."

The brunette explained his smile tightening and setting Sanosuke on edge.

"I see, thank you for checking on him Dr. Sannen" he smiled warmly, dismissing the smaller man. Sannen quickly scuttled out of the room; sweat beading on his brow as his heart pounded. He had been so nervous, at first he thought he'd been caught, but Sanosuke hadn't seen anything. Wiping his forehead he quickly left the premises, he wanted to be far away for what was to come.

Chikage arrived a few minutes later, only to find Sanosuke on the phone in a hushed voice, pacing the room. He looked to the bed, Souji's chest was rising and falling painfully slow, his face void of all color and his hands cold. He tuned his ears to Sanosuke's conversation and guessed he was speaking to Isami or Toshi by the sound of it. Souji stirred slightly, his green eyes dull and blank as they peered up at him.

"Souji" he whispered, his hand cupping the man's cheek tenderly.

"Chikage" he said hoarsely. "Something's wrong with me." The ruby eyes narrowed in confusion at this declaration.

"Wrong?"

"Yes, I felt fine before, but now I feel funny. Disconnected, hazy and kind of itchy." He turned his face toward Chikage, and it was true. His eyes were indeed glazed over and his breath was coming in slow shallow breaths.

"You need to take a deep breath love" he said kindly, stroking a lock of brick red hair from his forehead before planting a kiss there. Souji smiled weakly and attempted to take a deep breath, his lungs rattled with the effort and he began to cough. Snapping his phone shut Sanosuke appeared at his other side.

"Sannen was in here right before me, he said he was fine then about ten minutes ago he started doing this" he said, clearly exasperated. "To top it off no one can get ahold of Sannen so we have to wait for another doctor or get him to a hospital. Toshi has called someone that he thinks will come so we will know soon." Chikage nodded, it would be best if they didn't have to move him in this state, it was clear something was very wrong.

"Sanosuke, was he awake when you first arrived?"

"No, he was asleep, but he woke up shortly after and was his usual self." He lowered his voice "do you think this is from the tuberculosis?"

"No" Chikage shook his head "he wouldn't be like this" he gestured to Souji who was now laboring to breathe. "Even though he has trouble breathing everything else he is describing doesn't fit the bill."

Sanosuke settled himself on one side of the bed, Chikage on the other and they both waited the painful five minutes until the screech of a cell phone interrupted their thoughts. Picking it up Sanosuke quickly spoke to Toshi on the other end, someone would be there shortly and

he and Isami were coming up to see Souji. Chikage's mind spun as he tried to dissect the situation, but not before golden eyes bored into his with an outrageous declaration.

"Sannen, he was here before and now we can't find him!"

"Do you think he did this?" Chikage asked, genuinely curious as he grasped one of Souji's cold hands in his.

"I don't know, but something seemed off when he was here. He was acting weird." Chikage nodded, but instincts could tell a person a lot and while it may be nothing it certainly warranted investigation.

Isami and Toshi came crashing through the door, a dark haired man in tow with them. Quickly he came to the bedside and looked at Souji. The normally lively man was subdued, sweat on his pale brow, shaking from cold and his breathing slow and deep. Immediately the doctor began his assessment while the four men paced and spoke in low tones.

"We have confirmed that Sannen was working with your father" Toshi said lowly to Sanosuke, the golden eyes widened in surprise.

"Why would he be working for my father and even if he was..why would he hurt Souji?" Isami shook his head.

"Toshi, you always say things the wrong way" he admonished his partner "Sannen is your father's lover." He let that sink in to the two astonished men, Sanosuke's jaw working and Chikage's eyes darkening with their rage.

"So, Sannen would not have done this without provocation? Are you saying Yukimura himself ordered this?" Chikage's fists were clenched in barely concealed rage, his voice quiet, controlled and taunt.

"I am saying it's possible" Toshi said sadly.

"I'm going to find out" Sanosuke said between his teeth "if he is my father's lover than I know where he'll be." Before anyone could stop him he grabbed his coat and left, lighting a cigarette on his way out he angrily sucked in a breath. If this was his father's doing he would pay dearly, he knew his father didn't like it when he and Hajime were distracted. If he felt like Souji was a distraction he would dispose of him, which meant whipping out his cell phone he called his brother.

"Hey" he heard Hajime's voice answer.

"I don't have time to explain, but get Toudou out of there NOW. Something is going on and he may be in danger."

"What? Fuck, ok. Are you ok?" His brother sounded anxious

"I'm fine, Souji isn't. Dad is up to something, I'm headed there now to find out what. Just keep Toudou safe and don't let him near Souji right now."

"Got it, if you need me-"

"I know."

He hung the phone up and shoved it back into his pocket. Climbing into his car he sped into the direction of their dad's office.

"Well, I am afraid your suspicions have been confirmed" the dark haired doctor turned to the three remaining men in the room. "It appears he was drugged, with a lethal dose of morphine."

24. Chapter 24

****please read and review.****

****beta'd by the talented and patient fuusunshine****

****alexokerry about time eh? here we go!****

Sanosuke sped toward his father's office; it was all starting to make sense. His father had been acting weird, obsessed with some sort of new drug and he knew a doctor was working on the drug, the doctor he figured was Sannen. When and how their relationship had turned intimate he didn't care to know, he knew his father had a male lover and if that was the case—was Sannen doing this for his father? No, the man was smart enough to have his own reasons and not blindly do such a despicable act. He had to find out why and what would push him as far as to hurt Souji.

The office was dark, but he knew better. Taking the stairs quickly he arrived at the door, not bothering to knock he let himself in and was not surprised to see his father sitting in the chair. A white puff of smoke escaped from his lips as a rather sinister smile spread across his face.

"Figured it out did you?"

"Why?" Sanosuke asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Why? Because you were distracted. He's a liability, and I can't have anyone getting in my way" his father waved his hand dismissively.

"I am not distracted."

"You are, even getting friendly with Kazama. What are you thinking?" His father placed his elbows on the massive desk and leaned forward. "Don't you know they are our rivals?"

"We can change that, we think if we work together—"

His father laughed a harsh barking sound. Sanosuke stepped back in confusion.

"Work together?! And the second you get comfortable that Kazama brat will turn on you! When did I teach you to be so fucking soft Sanosuke?!" His father yelled, spittle flying from his mouth, eyes wild. "We will never be able to change that fact, and now this Souji he has made you want to change to work with Kazama?! He must be dealt with!" He hit the desk with his fist, nostrils flaring and eyes narrowed.

"And by dealt with, what do you mean?" Sanosuke asked, his hair obscuring his face and voice icy and cold.

"I mean he must be removed, he and that brother of his. They both are causing you and Hajime to lose sight of what's important."

"Which is?"

"Our families business, we are the ruler's here and to pair with Kazama would only bring us down and get us backstabbed." He shook his head "I thought I taught you better, I even let your fling with Kyo go despite the fact he worked for Kazama. When it got to be too much I had no choice."

Sanosuke's golden eyes hardened in realization "you" his voice shook as he approached his father. "You, you ordered me to kill Uri because you saw Kyo as a threat?!" His barely veiled rage seeping into each syllable.

"What of it? The man needed to be killed and it also severed your ties with Kyo." His father truly didn't care that he was causing the deaths of innocent people. First Uri Kazama and now Souji and Toudou. He clenched his fists.

"You won't get away with this" he said through gritted teeth. His father laughed, taking a puff from his pipe.

"Oh my dear son, I already have."

* * *

><p>"Can it be reversed?!" Isami was becoming hysterical. The doctor shook his head.<p>

"Unfortunately this is not a mixture that Narcan will reverse, however if I administer it there is a chance it will buy him more time. I suggest you say your goodbyes" he bowed his head, sadness in his eyes for he knew the situation. "I am truly sorry" he said softly before drawing up the medication.

"It's ok" came Souji's soft voice from the bed, his hand on the doctor's arm. "I was dying anyway, and I know you are doing all you can. Thank you for that." The doctor's dark eyes widened before he gave Souji a soft smile. Carefully injecting the man he bandaged the site and bowing left the four men. Toshi was the first to approach Souji's side, taking his hand in his own he rested his forehead on their joined limbs. Isami and Chikage silently stepped from the room, giving the two men their privacy to say goodbye.

"Toshi" Souji breathed "thank you" emerald eyes met deep violet ones in silent understanding and friendship.

"It seems so long ago you were just a boy wanting a job and now" his voice wavered and broke "I'm not ready to say goodbye" Toshi admitted softly, a single tear creeping down his cheek.

"I'm not either, we don't have a choice. That was taken away from us, but I was dying Toshi and this would have happened one way or another." Souji closed his eyes for a moment before continuing "you

and Isami gave us a way out, please, take care of Toudou."

Toshi gripped Souji's hand tightly, "we will" he said "he is going to be told shortly." Standing up he leaned over and kissed Souji's forehead gently and left the room.

* * *

><p>"Come on Toudou!" Hajime's voice rang out over the din of noise, his guns steady and true pointed toward the door. The smaller man moved quickly, throwing on a dark hoodie and black long wind pants to blend into the inky night.<p>

"Haji" he started, but was interrupted when a fierce kiss was pressed to his lips.

"Go" the blue haired gunslinger commanded, pushing the brunette outside gently. "I will find you when I can keep your phone with you but keep it silent. Head to Chikage's" he whispered the address in Toudou's ear. Silently he nodded, mouthing I love you to Hajime he dropped down the fire escape and into the night.

Toudou ran he ran like he had never run before turning his head only when he heard gunshots being fired. Hajime he thought his heart clenching in pain, his lover was sacrificing himself for him. No, he would be fine this was Hajime Yukimura, one of the most proficient men with a gun in existence. His brown hair was streaming behind him as he made his way down block after block of the streets, women and men alike stopping to gawk at his beauty. He laughed to himself, he was a sweaty scared mess and still continued to look that good, pausing to rest he didn't notice it when a man sidled up beside him.

"I know you" he said, matter of factly; his long fingers holding a half burned cigarette.

"You do?" He said, his eyes widening in surprise. He didn't want to be recognized, not while he was on the run.

"Sure I do" the man said, leering at him. "You had such a tight little ass, I fucked it all night" he reached for Toudou's face but the small man ducked, darting underneath his arm.

"I'm sorry you have me mistaken for someone else sir" he began backing away slowly, not wanting to give the man any reason to come after him.

"I don't think I do, I don't forget faces, especially not one like yours" he grabbed Toudou around the waist and pressed his lips to his violently. Toudou squeaked in outrage and struggled when suddenly the offending mouth was abruptly removed from his and was replaced by a swell of purple hair and worried violet eyes.

"Toudou, are you alright?" He stared dazedly looking into Kyo's concerned face, nodded slightly he felt himself pulled to his feet.

"Come on, we don't have time to waste. I was headed to Chikage's when I saw you" he explained, shrugging on a leather jacket and handing Toudou a helmet. It was a bit too big for him but fit decently, he

looked at Kyo questioningly.

"Shinpachi got word from Sanosuke you may be in danger, when we got to your room Hajime was there and was fighting several men. We tried to help but he told us to find you and get you to safety."

"He's ok?!" Toudou asked hope shining from his eyes, Kyo chuckled.

"He sure is, he was winning hands down, there is no doubt in my mind he will be following us shortly." Toudou grinned, Hajime was safe, and that was all that mattered. Kyo led him to where a sleek bike was parked; it was black with deep violet hues, revving the engine he motioned for him to get on. He kicked it into gear and the two sped off into the night.

25. Chapter 25

****Beta'd by the dashing and sexy Fuusunshine****

****reviews make me sparkle, leave me some please****

Hajime stood panting in the midst of the felled men. Sure, he was notorious for his skills but even 20 against one was a bit much, thankfully Shinpachi and Kyo had arrived in time. He wasn't that bad off but he wasn't good either and the additional help from the two men was a welcome reprieve, though brief as his main concern was for Toudou and he quickly told them as much. Kyo immediately left to find the small brunette while Shinpachi stayed to assist him, they made quick work of the remaining assassins and that was when Hajime realized he actually was pretty rough. His adrenaline high had faded and he took stock of his injuries, a few nicks and scrapes nothing too serious except the throbbing sharp pain in his leg. Sucking in a breath he looked down to see a steady red stream snaking its way down his leg, Shinpachi growled and scooping him up despite his protests carried him down the hall to Souji's room. The brunette knocked on the door and it was pulled back by a worried looking Toshi, his violet eyes red and puffy from crying, his mouth pulled in a taunt line as he surveyed the big man and his slender cargo. He stepped back wordlessly to let them in and Shinpachi set him on the couch, the throbbing in his leg becoming stronger.

"Was it Yukimura?" Toshi asked in a low voice, Shinpachi nodded.

"It seems he sent assassins to do away with anyone he thought troublesome, mainly Souji and Toudou."

"Where is Toudou?" Toshi asked, eyeing the injured Hajime who was on the couch panting, his eyes closed.

"He told him to run, to get to Chikage's, Kyo is on his trail now and once he finds him they will seek shelter there." Toshi nodded, that was probably the best plan as Elysium was clearly not safe.

"And Sanosuke? Has anyone heard from him?" Shinpachi asked, the worry evident in his eyes.

"I have" a smooth voice intoned, turning both men saw Chikage standing there. "He has gone to deal with his father."

* * *

><p>Toudou closed his eyes tightly as he held onto Kyo for dear life, the violet haired man must think he was a stunt devil or something because he swore they were going well over 100 mph. His arms wrapped tight around the trim waist of his rescuer as they sped toward the Kazama mansion. He only dared to open his eyes when he felt Kyo nudge the bike into its lower gears and slow it down, his green blue eyes cracked open and he drank in the sight. The Kazama mansion was quite a sight to behold, its great expanse still managing to look modest amidst all the land that surrounded it, the white brick structure rose up like a beacon in the darkness of night. He felt himself let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding as Kyo pulled up to the front and putting the kickstand down swung himself off the bike. Toudou just stayed seated, gaping at the simple yet extravagant surrounds before he remembered to dismount, and clumsily slid off the bike, Kyo smirking offered him a hand.<p>

"Chikage is ok with this?" Kyo nodded.

"It was his idea, he figured you and Hajime would also be in danger, and Sanosuke did as well. This was the only safe place to go."

"He was probably right" Toudou said softly, wrapping his arms around his small frame as Kyo ushered him inside. "I'm just glad you found me in time."

The violet eyed man studied him, Hajime was taken with this small man who despite his size was quite brave. He could see he was beautiful, almost delicate in his features and he wondered what his lips would taste like, if they were as sweet as Shinpachi's or as spicy as Sanosuke's. Before he could get himself in check Kyo leaned over and gently pressed his lips to the smaller man's, Toudou's eyes widened in surprise at the action yet something registered in his mind that this was OK. Keeping his eyes open he returned the kiss without deepening it, they stayed there for a few moments, lips pressed together in comfortable silence before Kyo moved back.

"You are quite sweet" he said warmly, running his tongue over his lips. "I apologize for my action but I was wondering."

"It's nothing to apologize for" Toudou smiled as he understood the reason. Kyo did love Shinpachi and had a history with Sanosuke but that didn't mean he wouldn't appreciate beauty he found elsewhere. A chaste kiss was nothing that bothered Toudou as there was clearly nothing behind it, he smiled and nudged the taller man.

"You think we should go inside?"

"Yea, the other's will be joining us as soon as they can."

* * *

><p>Hajime was trying not to scream in pain as the dark haired doctor performed minor surgery on his leg. The doctor had stuck around given the nights events, a thing which all involved were grateful for at this moment; except Hajime. Grunting in pain he bit down on the towel in his mouth, he had refused to be sedated as he knew to make it through the night he would need his wits about him. The doctor had

provided a local anesthetic, but it wasn't doing much other than slightly dampening the pain. He felt the man cut his leg open in order to get to the bullet, the wound he had on his leg, he had thought the bullet had gone the whole way through but it would seem that it was lodged in there fairly deep. Shinpachi's rather large paw of a hand was holding onto both of his as he squeezed for his life as the pain shot up his leg. Hearing a clink he relaxed slightly, the bullet was out. Then he felt a small poke, and that small poke quickly turned into a much larger and painful one, his eyebrows knitted together in confusion.<p>

"It's too deep to leave open, it needs stitches" the doctor informed him, never breaking from his work. Hajime got out a muffled mmpffhh as a sort of consent and saw the doctors lips turn upward slightly. He worked quickly, Hajime would give him that, and soon his leg was all sewed up. Shinpachi motioned to Chikage and the two men talked quietly for a few moments before Shinpachi returned to Hajime.

"We are going to Kazama's. Toudou is already there with Kyo and you will be safe there."

"No" Hajime said, shaking his shaggy head his dark locks dancing; "I have to help Sanosuke."

"What help will you be with a bum leg? You can't stand on that." Chikage said, motioning to the wound that ran down the top of Hajime's thigh to right above his kneecap.

"I don't know, but it's our father I can't let him do this alone. " He saw Shinpachi raise his brows at Chikage in unspoken question.

"Fine" Chikage waved his hands "but I don't like this one bit."

"I'll go with him" Shinpachi offered, smiling he turned to Hajime "after all if something happens I can help." Hajime sighed, he knew this was the only way so he gave his consent before he was swept up in the big man's arms and carried out the door.

* * *

><p>Koudou's eyes widened as the pipe dropped from his mouth. The sound of a gunshot still reverberating in his ears, his son's eyes narrowed and hard, the pistol in his hand pointed at him.<p>

"The next one won't miss father" a voice that was his son's yet not said.

"You wouldn't kill your own dad would you?" He smiled. His elder son Sanosuke wouldn't kill him, no, if either of his boys could it would be Hajime. Cold, calculating, smart Hajime not his oaf of a son Sanosuke who was ruled by his heart.

"Wouldn't I? I see no father here. All I see is a man so blinded by greed and power he hurts those close to him."

"Sanosuke, you know everything I have done has been for you and Hajime's sake" he slapped on his most winsome smile, trying to placate his upset child.

"No it hasn't" his son said lowly "if it had you wouldn't have forced Kyo and I apart, or be trying to kill those we love."

"Son" he said, spreading his arms out "of course it has. You and Hajime will inherit all I have worked for, without distractions you both can bring our name back to the top."

"Is that all you care about father?" A soft, velvet like voice spoke from the back of the room. Both men turned to see Hajime, leaning on Shinpachi, his dark hair covering his face. Shock registered in their father's face as he took in the sight of his battered son.

"Hajime!" He started toward the man.

"Stay away father" he commanded in a low tone, his deep blue eyes flashing in the moonlight. "Don't come near me or I will shoot." He straightened himself up and Sanosuke saw the cuts and scrapes and the trail of blood down his leg.

"Are you going to tell me this is for our own good?" Hajime gestured to himself, "that sending people to kill our loved ones and us if we get in the way is for our own fucking good?!" His voice rose as he continued talking, and Hajime cursing was like seeing a unicorn. Koudou took a step back, unsure of how to handle his younger son, Hajime had always been the calm and collected one and his father had no idea how to handle him in his current state.

"Hajime, come now" Koudou said warmly "you know I always looked out for you boys."

"Bullshit" his dark haired son spat out, "you only cared about yourself. We were shoved to the side the second our mother died" he leveled his pistol at Koudou "and now it's our turn to shove you to the side. We don't need your greed or ideals to be successful. Sano and I can take it from here."

26. Chapter 26

****This is it guys, only the epilogue after this.****

****Reviewing makes the author happy=) and is highly advised****

Souji felt his body rattle as he coughed, he felt his lungs burn and saw the Kleenex colored with droplets of blood. Chikage's eyes watched him like a hawk, the ruby eyed man was clearly worried as he was frantically texting on his phone.

"Who" Souji asked, nodding toward the device.

"Sano, he's not answering. I am telling him to come back here" Chikage said with a soft sigh, settling himself next to Souji.

"It's ok, he will be back when he is done" Souji laid back down, resting himself on the mountain of pillows behind him. Chikage looked at him worriedly and took his hand.

"Don't worry Chikage, I won't go until he gets here."

"Then" the blonde replied in a small voice "is it bad that I hope he never gets here." He looked up and a tear rolled down his cheek, Souji reached his hand out and softly wiped it away.

"Chikage" he breathed as the unspoken words hung between them.

"Souji. I am sorry, for everything." Chikage hung his head, not meeting the emerald eyes that were once so bright were now dull and flat.

"I forgave you a long time ago, but" he paused, grasping the man's chin and forcing him to meet his gaze. "I never stopped loving you." Chikage felt himself melt as his green eyed love leaned forward and captured his lips in a tender kiss, their mouth molded together as if they were made for each other as the kiss depended and soon Chikage was laying on top of a very aroused Souji.

"Love me Chikage" came the soft yet insistent demand, "make love to me one more time." Chikage hugged the man closer to him as he looked down to see tears flowing freely now from the brunette's face.

"Souji" he muttered before burying his face in the crook of his lover's neck.

* * *

><p>Koudou raised an eyebrow at his younger son "You can handle it now can you? Hajime you don't know anything."<p>

"On the contrary father, I know quite a bit. You mistook my quietness for complacency and that was your mistake. I watched, observed and noted all that was done here; and all that was left undone and ignored." He cocked the pistol, the audible click sending shivers down Sanosuke's spine.

"Sano" deep blue eyes met golden ones "go, go to him."

"But-"

"I will be here" Kyo's voice cut him off as he stepped up to stand next to Hajime. "Toudou is safe, and you are needed elsewhere."

"Sano, you have always protected me. You always tried to take everything on your own shoulder's to spare me, it did not go unnoticed. Let me do this for you, for us, please." His brother's voice was soft, sure, and strong. Sanosuke looked at his brother, really looked at him for the first time in years. The snot nosed blue haired brat that had always toddled around after him no longer existed, in his place stood a calm, quiet, self assured fighter. A good man who would do right by those he loved, and who would lead their father's failing company into a new era. Smiling he nodded his thanks to Hajime and Kyo and left the room, his father's angry shouts and insults trailing behind him as he made his departure.

"Hajime" Koudou started, but was cut off as a gun shot rang out and a burning pain radiated through his chest. "Hajime?" he asked again,

falling to his knees.

"Father" his son moved closer to him, looking down, his eyes cold and hard as sapphire chips.

"You have more of me in you than you know" Koudou said smiling; blood trickled out from between his fingers where he held his chest. Hajime looked down at him, no emotion in his cold hard eyes; it was then Kyo saw the Yukimura killer arise. Kyo had never believed that gentle Hajime could ever harm anyone yet here he was, seeing the man at his full capacity for cruelty, murdering his own father and not shedding a tear. No one could blame the blue haired man though, it seemed as though he spent his time in the shadows brooding and observing, educating himself on the things no one dared say above a whisper in his house.

Hajime winced at his father's words. No, he wasn't like his father; the only thing that they had in common was that they were killers. He clenched his teeth as he vowed in his mind that never again would he mindlessly kill simply because of an order, his days of being a cold hearted assassin were behind him. Only to protect, he thought, only to protect those I love.

"Come on Hajime, let's get you to Toudou" Kyo said, slinging a lanky arm around the smaller man's shoulders and steering him in the direction of the door. Wordlessly Hajime allowed himself to be led from his home, the still warm body of his father on the floor.

* * *

><p>If Chikage was shocked at Souji's request he was careful not to show it, he stood up and slowly walked to the bathroom to get a towel. As Souji couldn't move it wouldn't do to leave him lying in the aftermath, he carefully positioned the towel underneath the brunette and slowly began to kiss him. He began undoing his flimsy robe at his waist as if opening a fragile package. Chikage could clearly see the outlines of Souji's bones, evidence the man had already been circling the drain well before the fatal dose of morphine was administered.<p>

"Souji" he whispered, placing his lips gently to the man's collarbone and working his way down slowly. His hands skimmed the slender waist and came to rest on his hips, knowing he needed to make this quick for his already exhausted lover he wasted no time in preparing him. His fingers circled the pink entrance and slowly began their breach of it, the tight ring of muscles slowly yielding to him. Souji grunted at the invasion, his legs wrapping around Chikage tightly, his eyes closed and a slightly pained expression on his face. The ruby eyed man began to trail kisses down the angular jawbone in silent consolation as he saw the glimmer of unshed tears in those green eyes.

"Chikage" it was a plea, a mantra and a prayer all in one, unable to deny his love anything Chikage slowly undid his pants and climbed on top of him. Souji shuddered as he felt the warmth of Chikage's tip at his twitching entrance, and rolled his hips up enticingly. With a small grunt Chikage began his impalement of the bedridden man, slowly and deliberately until he was full sheathed inside the tight heat. Souji was panting, sweat glistening his pale forehead as Chikage stilled, allowing his lover a minute to adjust. It was of course at

that time a rather flustered and worried Sanosuke burst through the door, upon seeing the scene laid out before him his jaw fell open and angry golden eyes locked with shocked ruby ones.

"Sano" Souji's soft voice interrupted the posturing that was going on between the two men, holding out a slim arm in Sanosuke's direction. The golden eyes widened and locked with ruby in silent understanding of what the dying man was asking, and neither man was going to refuse Souji anything. Slowly he walked over and pressed his lips against Souji's trembling ones, his hand caressing the damp forehead of his lover. Chikage for his part had stilled inside Souji, watching to see what was going to transpire and before he had any more time to think Sanosuke straightened up and brought their lips tenderly together. Chikage was not prepared for that, for the rather angry Yukimura heir to kiss him so tenderly, so gently, when their lips parted he lifted his eyes to Sanosuke's in silent question. No words were exchanged but both men knew what was happening, Souji wanted them, one last time. There was no getting around this Sanosuke decided as he quickly disrobed, baring his full naked glory to a rather shocked Chikage.

Despite his proud and rather pompous nature Chikage was a man of few partners and had not witnessed the male body nude but for a handful of times. He had come to Elysium when he was at the bottom of a black oppressive pit and had been put with Souji, and as such Souji had been the only man he had ever been with there. Yet seeing Sanosuke's wonderfully nude body, save for the binding around his waist, made his chest tighten; the Yukimura heir was a thing of pure masculine beauty. Sanosuke undid his flowing red mane and Chikage watched as it tumbled across his shoulders and back in waves of dark and light crimson, only serving to accentuate his feral beauty even more. Moving slowly the tall red head approached the two men on the bed, he straddled Souji's small form and Chikage got the message. He moved back, allowing the larger man access to Souji's most intimate area while he himself remained entrenched in the man. The green eyed man that lay beneath this pile of bodies was grinning up at both of his loves, and for the first time in months he looked radiant.

As Sanosuke impaled himself on Souji the ruby eyed man grasped his waist gently, placing soft kisses on his shoulder as the auburn haired man perspired with the effort. Making a noise of appreciation Sanosuke grunted his completion of his task and began to slowly roll his hips, Chikage followed suite and together they set a slow and steady rhythm. As their three bodies danced together, sweat and saliva leaving tell-tale trails of their unspoken affections. Rising and falling their chests heaved with the effort as their slick bodies rubbed against each other, cries and moans of pleasure punctuated their performance as soon hips bucked and mouths sought. Reaching their crescendo they fell over the edge as their bodies rejoiced in their joining, hot milky fluid erupting as they clung to each other shaking with emotion.

27. epilogue

A/N here we are guys, the last installment. It was so fun to write for Hakouki and a nice change from my usual of Bleach. I fell in love with the characters and hope you did as well.

Beta'd by fuusunshine, thank you=)

****One year later****

Shinpachi grunted with effort as he dodged Kyo's blows, the two men were training behind the Kazama estate. As the midday sun beat down on them the two bodies twisted and danced to their own rhythm, one that spoke of love, loss, unity and freedom. Sweat flew as the two moved, grins adorning their handsome faces as they sized each other up tenderly.

Chikage, Hajime and Sanosuke had decided the night Koudou died that they were going to bring about change. Together the three men ruled the underworld, keeping it in line, as fair as possible, and never forgetting about Elysium. They frequently visited the brothel, though not as clients but as friends. Toshi and Kondou always welcomed them as they had remained the most generous of benefactors, even after they bought Toudou and Shinpachi's freedom. Both men were thrilled to be free, and Toudou immediately began to take care of the Yukimura brothers, always fussing around the house and kitchen. He enjoyed cooking meals and took care of most of the housework, always informing Sanosuke that he was disgusting and couldn't he pick things up every now and then. Usually waving his arms and griping at the bigger man about the trail of dirty clothes he left around, one time throwing his dirty boxers in his face to drive his point home. Sanosuke had made more of an effort after that incident, but was still prone to being messy. Shinpachi had not wanted to leave Kyo and as such Chikage had been training him to be an additional bodyguard after letting his former bear of a bodyguard go after finding out that his loyalties lied with Koudou Yukimura, and that he had helped with the murder of Souji. Sannen had never been found, but had never returned to the city; a fact that made all involved slightly nervous.

Hajime and Toudou had not wasted anytime and had begun sharing a room in the Yukimura home almost immediately. Sanosuke hadn't minded as he rather enjoyed the small brunette, and the new side he brought out in Hajime. The quiet man had slowly opened up, smiling and laughing more as he worked his way through the issues that plagued him. Hajime had taken it hard, murdering their father, and Toudou seemed to be the only remedy and cure for his mental guilt. All wasn't perfect, but it was obvious the two men were deeply in love and that the wounds of the past were healing for both of them.

Souji had passed sometime overnight after he loved Chikage and Sanosuke one last time. The men had woken up the next day, on either side of the brunette, to discover he was cold and his chest was not moving. With sad acceptance they had made arrangements and per his wishes Souji had been cremated. His ashes were taken to the coast and scattered over the sea; which is where Chikage and Sanosuke stood now. Their hands were entwined, as the night of Souji's death the first stirrings of their love had bloomed, they had fought it as they worked together but soon it engulfed them in a passionate inferno.

Peering out over the cool, calm waves Sanosuke reverently took his necklace off, and carefully opened the pendant on it. A small gust of wind picked up as he did and a small puff of ash rose up into the air and was carried away, out into the sea. Looking down into the locket he smiled at the picture of Souji on one side and Chikage on the other, he felt the blonde's arm slide around his waist in unspoken

support as he sighed. Together the two men watched the ashes dance away, and for several long hours they stood there, each saying their own private good bye's and thank you's to the man they both had loved.

End
file.